

MY FAVORITE THING *Esquire*

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1996

*JOHN TRAVOLTA'S PLANES
THOMAS PYNCHON'S ROCK BAND
GAY TALESE'S SPORTS CAR
JAY MCINERNEY'S JUKE JOINT
WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN'S WEAPON
GIORGIO ARMANI'S T-SHIRT
MADONNA'S BEATLE
TOM ROBBINS'S LETTER OF THE ALPHABET
HAROLD ROBBINS'S BODY PART
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FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA'S SCORSESE MOVIE
ERIC BOGOSIAN'S SUPERHERO*

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Esquire

JUNE 1994 VOLUME 125 NO 6

FEATURES

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Cdes, confessions, and testimonials by some of our favorite people: John Travolta's planes, Giorgio Armani's T-shirt, Gay Talese's triumph, Simon Schama's crash on Clark Kent, Tim Robbins's Jewish for 2's, Richard Tyler's cross to bear, whom Ilana Douglas consorts to, why Grizzly loves Gorfie, Scorsese and Coppola pick on each other, and plenty more.

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By THOMAS PINCHON

The reclusive novelist loves rock 'n' roll, and his name is, well, Lotion. He wanted to play ukulele, so the band gave him an interview. A tour of Sinatra, Elvis, and America itself—or at least the eastern part.

Blood on Their Hands 92

By PETE HAMILL

Muhammad Ali has Parkinson's disease, Jerry Quarry has brain damage, and Tommy Morrison has HIV. A longtime student of the ring denounces the sport—but not the art—of boxing and says clean it up or shut it down.

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By MARIANNE VOGLERS

Once, Kevin Costner was embraced as a Lakota Sioux. Now he's building a \$140 million resort on sacred ground, and the Indians are ready to go to war.

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Fiction by WALTER KIRK

In Shanderson Falls, where everything is going to pot, there's only one way to keep the baby from crying. Take that, Dr. Spock.

REALITY CHECK

Hillary Clinton has the boys for lunch; Tom Wolfe shreds the wrong stuff; and Random House tells Erica Jong to take a flying leap. PLUS: Just what is Barry Manilow's pseudonym? By Jeannette Wells 26

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW ECCLES



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Herrera for Men

Live in the moment.



Carolina Herrera
New York

Macy's

ESKY

Nashville's new food, George Jones's old times, the National Sofas Vanessa Angel bowls us overy poker as a way of life, the really cute ones, the kids' bad weed, coming into Portland **PLUS:** books, movies, Next Up, the Idea Menager, and more

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THE MALE ANIMAL

The latest seduction theory, are basketball, a new youth drug, pucker—hold the ice, the daring dilemma—trust anyone over thirty?, the right time of the night, baldness and bloodlines, and the skin you love in.

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(looking as if he's) trying

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOM WARD

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A MAN'S GUIDE to buying DIAMONDS

She's expecting DIAMONDS. Don't PANIC. We can help.



The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but the way to a woman's usually involves a jeweler. Just think of golf clubs, or season tickets wrapped in a little black velvet box. That's how women feel about diamonds.

To love, diamonds is to love her. Find out what she has her heart set on. Is it a pendant, anniversary band, or ear studs? You can find out by browsing with her, window shopping, watching her reactions to other women's jewelry. Go by body language, not just by what she says. Then, once you know the style, you can concentrate on the diamond.

To prove, no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

Make a purchase you can be proud of. You want a diamond you can be proud of. So don't be attracted to a jeweler because of "bargain prices." Find someone you can trust. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. You want someone who will help you determine quality and value using four characteristics called *The 4 C's*. They are: *Carat*—not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*—actually, close to no color is most; *Clarity*—the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Cut*—the larger the diamond, usually the more rare. Remember, the more you know, the more confident you can be in buying a diamond you'll always be proud of.

Learn more. For the booklet "*How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give*," call the American Gem Society, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at 800-340-3028.

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GIORGIO ARMANI

OCCHIALI

Les Liaisons Dangereuses

ROM ROSENTHAL MISSED AN important point in his brief for the column behind men's attraction to dangerous women ("The Beautiful and the Damned," March). Perilous women are not in danger of becoming mothers to the men who love them. Their lack of selfless generosity and a logical inclination to defer to the needs of their men make these terrific self-possessed women the ultimate sex objects. Now that's sexy.

—JAN L. WALDRON
Nashua, N.H.

REGARDING THE COVER LINE "I'm sorry I ruined your life": A genuinely dangerous woman would never apologize.

—HEIDI SCHALLBERG
Knox, Ill.

ROSENTHAL ELEGANTLY illuminates the mystery of women. The good girls, the bad girls—your mother, for your heart is in danger. My father once told me this: there is no substitute for the way a woman can make you feel. But he forgot to tell me that part is as much a part of it as pleasure.

—ALEXANDER E. ALMAGUER
Columbus, Ohio

AS A CLINICAL PSYCHOTHERAPIST who treats men bothered by such wild women I believe that there is an ever-growing need for more insight into these dysfunctional relationships and how to avoid them altogether. Many such women have borderline personality disorders, and they can do terrible damage to the families of the men they betray. I deal with the wreckage left in their wake all the time.

—STEPHEN JOHNSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Rat Pack Journalism

KUDOS TO BILL ZEHNE FOR HIS Kudos assignment on the Rat Pack ("And Then There Was One," March). I grew up watching "The Dean Martin Show" and let's just say a pole in my grandparents' basement often served as the pole Dean made money an enormous

sum before hopping onto the plane. My mother was also a fan, so I can only imagine how I got my middle name, Dean. Thanks again, pal.

—BARBARA CLARK-GUTTER
Naples, Fla.

ZEHNE'S RAVENING TURNOUT TO THE Altus Pick beguilingly covered a few facts, most notably: Frances Albert Simon's poor treatment of Dean Martin in recent years. Both the article and Simon seem obsessed with class, but the way Simon treated Dean in later years is simply pitiable.

—MICHAEL ANTHONY GATTO
Los Angeles, Calif.

EVERYTHING THAT'S WRONG WITH our nation, the media, and Hollywood is encapsulated in Zehne's article about a bunch of low-class, ditzy, sexist suckers. God help anyone who worships it this decade.

—MELINDA ALVARO
Molina, Calif.



ZEHNE'S PIECE IS FORMIDABLE. The last magazine article I have read in the last ten years. It has always been a mystery how Sinatra's voice could be so expressive and emotional while his personal life seems that of a shallow boozier. Zehne has given to at least a peek at the man behind the voice's loyal friend. I'd hang with any night of the week. If I could sleep late the next morning.

—DALE MARKE
Birmingham, Ala.

IN HIS ARTICLE, BILL ZEHNE WRITES "the only Rat Pack mystery this remains is this: How did Joey Bishop get in?" I am assuming Zehne is much too young to have seen us in Las Vegas in 1960 or he may not have asked such a stupid question. In the finale of the show, Frank stopped the music and then said, and I quote from a review, "I could not have come off without Speaker at the House, Joey Bishop, the back of the leg wheel." If there are any other mysteries Bill Zehne would like solved, I'd be glad to help.

—JOE BISHOP
Napier Beach, Calif.

BISHOP'S NOTE: While Bill Zehne can be held accountable for many things—including his *Esquire* profile of Joey Bishop's former address, Rags Palace—he is beyond reproach for the captions accompanying his article. Accountability for those falls to his editors, who apologize for their inaccuracy and an oversight of carrying Peter Lawford's public ring.

Blood Hype

IRRADIATE THE ARTICLE "GENTLEMEN, START YOUR BLEEDING" (by Mark Kravitz, March) with an equal degree of disgust. Well, finally, posing role models for people to look up to. To hell with looking for heroes in the arts or the humanities. Let's go drink ourselves stupid, head down, and bear the living crap out of whoever is dumb enough to get in our way. Thank Abbott and his ilk make me sick, but the real twist here are those who consider this contest so barbaric a sport. What's next? Rapper-view gang rape?

—FRID TUTTLE
Arizona, N.Y.

THE ULTIMATE-FIGHTING PAY-PER-view every commands \$495 and boasts an audience of three hundred thousand households? My calculator says that's \$495,000. Talk's paycheck for the prizefighting? \$495,000. The beating these fighters take inside the Octagon is nothing compared with the beating they take from the prizefighters.

—JIM McILWAIN
Oxnard, Calif.

Speed Demon

JOHN TAYLOR ("THE BIG SKY'S THE LIMIT," March) dies to Missouri, where state law requires drivers to go no faster than is "reasonable and prudent" (rents an Oldsmobile, and launches herself like a Ford missile against the people and property of the Big Sky race. The 55-mile-per-hour limit may have been repealed, but, unlike Taylor, Missourians do not regard driving 120 on ice in safe or prudent. In fact, they might want their attorney general to pursue the prosecution of this confessed felon. Luckily for Mr. Taylor, hypocrisy and stupidity are not crimes.

—JULIAN MANN
Kirkham, Idaho



nautica

THE OFFICIAL SPORTSWEAR
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IN THE 1947 film *Song of the Thin Man*, William Powell's Nick Charles arrives at the breakfast table, where he is greeted by his wife and child. Myrna Loy's Nora Charles beams as she tells her newly arrived husband that he looks "just like a page out of *Esquire*." Nearly fifty years later, the compliment still holds up.

The man who is now responsible for ensuring that readers can look like a page out of *Esquire* is **John Mather**, who, after fifteen years as one of the most respected fashion editors in the industry, is now in charge of the magazine's fashion coverage.

The thirty-seven-year-old Mather, who traces his lineage back to the remarkable Cotton, has seen it all from his front-row seat—from the power look of the eighties to the new, relaxed styles of the nineties. And, as Mather points out, the cycles always repeat us.

"Who would have thought," he says with a nod to this month's cover subject, "that we would now want to look like John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever*?"

And while he will continue to provide his sharp-eyed coverage of all the current styles in men's-wear staples, such as suits, shirts, and ties, Mather is always vigilant for what is cutting edge in trends and design talent. "The eye likes to see change," Mather says.



John Mather



Maryanne Valli

Pete Hamill

Walter Kirn

FOR OUR COVER STORY THIS MONTH, senior editor **Bill Bass** has put together a special section called "My Favorite Thing," beginning on page 69—far more than a collection of soundbites on noses or snow on eyelashes.

The feature is anchored by **Thomas Pynchon's** musings on and interview with the rock band *Loxon* (page 44). The legendary Pynchon, author of *Gravity's Rainbow*, *The Crying of Lot 49*, *V*, and *Vineland*, recently wrote the liner

notes for *Loxon's* second album, *Nobody's Cool*. He is now at work on another novel but says that he's "too superstitious" to reveal what it's about.

Among the other contributors **John Travolta**, who will be seen next month in *Phantom*, reveals his love affair with his Gallician III. Travolta is currently shooting *Michael* with director Norm Macdonald. Contributing editor **Ray Jones** goes into gear for his favorite car, a 1997 Triumph TR7. *Tales of the River* is out in paperback (hey) **Jay McInerney's** fifth novel, *The Last*

mental songs, under the tentacle title is a *Mood Mood*. **William S. Vukobrat** was a dagger before him. His new book, *The Ashes*, was published by Viking in April. **Eric Segal**, who is writing a new play called *Drunk*, curmudgeon has become superhero. His play *Adrift* is being adapted for the screen.

ROUNDING OUT THE SHAPES, contributing editor **Pete Hamill**, a lifetime boxing fan, believes the sweet science has finally gone mad ("Blood on Their Hands," page 60). Hamill's latest collection, *Phantom*, which includes many *Esquire* articles, was just published by Little, Brown. He is at work on a new novel.

Frequent *Esquire* contributor **Maryanne Valli** examines the controversy between the Lakers and their honorary unionman Kevin Costner (see his plans to build a resort in the Black Hills ("Costner's Last Stand," page 100)). Valli's book on *Madrigal Bears*, *Ghosts of Mississippi* (Bantam Doubleday Books), which grew out of a past *Esquire* article, was a 1995 National Book Award finalist.

Walter Kirn, whose short story "Mouth to Mouth" appears on page 104, has been contributing fiction to the magazine since 1979. Kirn, the book critic for *New York Magazine*, is the author of *My Hard Reagan* and *She Needed Me* (Washington Square Press). "Mouth to Mouth" will be part of Kirn's next novel.

We are also very pleased to announce that **John Banville's** "Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil" (March 1995) and **Jeanette Weller's** "Last Call of the Wild" (April 1995) were selected for *Best American Essays* 1995. **Mark Valerius's** "Last Tea with the Armadillos" (October 1995) was selected for *Best American Short Stories* 1995, and **Walter Mosley's** short story "The Thief" (July 1995) won a 1995 O. Henry Award.

And finally, **Mike Lupica** and **Mark Lyner** are taking the month off—though not together. ■



Reality Check

By Jeannette Walls

PLATE 10

The First Lady Who Lunches

LAST YEAR, Hillary Clinton caused a minor furore when she had a two- and a-half-hour off-the-record "girl lunch" with gossip, lifestyle, and advice columnists. This time, Hillary had the boys over in late February: the First Lady had a two-hour off-the-record lunch with Washington Post columnist **J. James Ax**, CNN commentator **Bill Schneider**, and New Yorker writer **Nancy Mitnick**, according to **Deanne Madans** Vervet, who works for Mrs. Clinton, was also there. The journalists dined in the White House Map Room and discussed, among other things, politics and Clinton's

recent book on
progressivism, *They
Only Look Dead*.

After the "relentless grift" lunch, some media critics complained that off the record sessions were useless to journalists and succeeded merely in co-opting them. Washington Post executive editor **Ian Bowles** was quoted as saying that the paper would rarely participate in such events. DiGiorno says he considered the ethics and usefulness of the lunch and decided to do it because



Mrs. Clinton:
Hoping to
make nice with
journalists.

"My basic view is that sitting down having lunch or dinner with people is more educational than not."

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Stupid Producer Tricks

HELL BATH NO FURY like a producer scorned. Since he was ousted as *Don Latham's* executive producer, **Robert Morton** has regularly been "in touch" with the enemy: **Jay Leno**, according to a late-night insider. There's even talk that Morty—who left the neurotic-impaired *Late Show* in March—recently held a secret meeting with Leno at a Las Vegas resort.

"They've been literally since the days that Mommy used to book Leno on *Larson*," says the source. "It could well go from a personal friendship to a professional one." No word yet on whether Dave's snafu, *Margaret Bay*, is also considering defection.

levels in the church, which has often clashed with the media. Critics have accused it of outbiter behavior and questioned some of its political stunts, such as its support of the French Davidians. Cole and Van Susteren are law partners. He represented a Branch Davidian defendant, and she has defended the Davidians on CNN.

"It's awkward to say that she can't practice whatever religion she wants," says a source. "But she's deeply involved with the church, which takes some controversial legal stands."

"Like the Catholics on abortion or the Jews on Palestine?" responds Coale, who confirms that the

couple is facing strict charges in West Virginia (they're contesting) but would not comment on "personal" religious matter. "I believe, as an attorney, could see it in front of a D.C. jury this is a misquoting, actual-online, antireligious story. When we have people like *Ann Judson* and *Johnnie Calhoun* testifying as to [Vicki Sumner's] fairness, we're going to own you guys."

CAMERA BUYS

At Least He Wasn't Wearing a George Washington Outfit

THAT WASN'T SOME scattered student who recently caught George **John F. Kennedy Jr.** on video in a less-than-tastefully public moment with his girlfriend, **Carolyn Bessette**. Like his mother before him, who was dogged by photographer **Rosalinda** (Jackie O. even had a restraining order issued against Gable), Kennedy has his very own paparazzo: **Frederick** celebrity photographer **Angie** Coquaine. "Follows the guy around for twelve hours at a time," says an outraged Kennedy defender.

"I've been waiting to get him," says Coqueron. "He scared the crap out of me in Central Park [when I was

photographing him] one day he was really screaming and using foul language at me and tried to act big on me. He was saying things about me and my family and how I should do volunteer work or get a job, and the economy isn't that bad. What doesn't he know about the economy? He is living on a trust fund. I always thought he was one of the special Kennedys, but he's as big as the rest. And I've been playing to the guitar to take him down a notch. Kennedy had no conscience!



Kennedy und Neugebauer: Home und in love

[illegible]

The Repainted Words



2000

appears to have been concentrating on the wrong stuff. The novel was originally said to be largely about the art world, and during the late '60s Wolfe had been spotted at auctions and galleries around the country. But now the buzz is that Wolfe has been lured to cut almost all of the art-some material.

"When he began working on the book, in the '80s, the art world was an insane and intense place," says a source. "But the book won't be out for another couple of years, and the material about the art world already seems hopelessly dated. Wolfe's books are about a lot of things, so not everything has to go. He's rethinking everything."

THERE GO HARRY STYLES' sections of *the Wall's* long-awaited (yrrrrRRIP) second novel *Wolfie*, whose *hunger* for the literati captured the mood and excesses of the ylfon, has been working on the new book, tentatively titled *The Mingles for Farnes*. *Strains of Grouse* for the past cube years, but he

COURAGE AND STATE

Losing Her Religion?

Director of the Church of Scientology affirms her reporting! The CNN commentator, who covered the B. J. Singsen trial and is now cohort of the legal-affairs show *Bundes of Proof*, is a devotee of and a huge contributor to the controversial church—whose other members include John Travolta, Tom Cruise, and Lisa Marie Presley. Parthenon, Van Suisen's married to Presley's lawyer, John Gaskin, who was the source for CNN's scoop on Presley's divorce from Michael Jackson.



Sunday
 10:00 AM
 10:30 AM

According to a source, Van Sassteren and Coale have reached the two highest

A small, square, black and white portrait of a woman with short, curly hair, wearing dark sunglasses and a dark top. She is looking slightly to the right.

LITERATURE

The Jong Show

Jas Collins's successful lawsuit against Random House with a victory for authors everywhere, declares writer *Woo Jong*. It might, however, be a bit of a mixed blessing for *Jong* herself. The author of *Fun of Phony*, who

ended, Random House told her she would be wise to find another publisher there. "They were really burned by the bad publicity that trail generated," says the source. "And to have one of their own authors ripping into them... Let's just say *Silenthunters* [who owns Random House] was not amused."

Reality Check

NONHOMOLATURN

Call Me Ishmael . . . Smith

IT IS A PRACTICE THAT GOES BACK AT LEAST TO THE days when *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* was published. *Kevin Costner* (see page 56), for instance, has the sword in him come out and sometimes uses the name *Tom Ford*. *Quentin Law* identifies with—surprised—downsized characters: She has modeled under the names *Mary Magdalene*, *Martha Bulfinch*, and/or *Thomasina Williams* character. *Lucy Liu* from *The Glass Menagerie* and *Andy Wilson*, a character from *Will & Grace*, has her last husband, *Carl Delano*, used to go by *Simon Richter*, an homage to the real name of late Son of Sam *David Wilson*.

And it's not just individuals who take on surreal names. All the hotel clerks are happy to book a room for *Kia Kian Kianman*, as the organization trends at *Empire Publishing*.

Here are some more names to amuse the bellhops



Barry Bostwick, John Travolta, and Elizabeth Berkley



Richard Dreyfuss, Robin Williams, and Richard Dreyfuss

DEALS

Gumby Wants Points, Baby

NOT ONLY ARE THERE NO now good ideas in Hollywood, but even the bad ones get recycled. While Disney's *Toy Story* was undeniably successful at the box office (bragging in nearly 200 million), critics couldn't help but notice how the company blew it when it came to marketing and promoting the toys from the movie.

"The really big money these days isn't from domestic sales," says a film insider. "It's from foreign sales and ancillary products. You can make 200 million on movie from merchandising alone."

This year, just in time for the holiday season, Twentieth Century Fox will be bringing out the *Dirks* *Delmonico*-produced film *Jingle All the Way*, about a father's search for the perfect Christmas toy. (There's also a live-action star-some guy



Schwannegger: Nobody's big.

named *Arnold Schwarzenegger*.) Only problem is, doesn't expect to actually find that toy in department stores. After all, the strategy worked for Disney.

"We don't have the time," says Michael Barnathan, one of *Jingle All the Way*'s producers. "I wish we had a big merchandising thing on it, but we don't."

Can't you just hear Barbe breathing a sigh of relief?

PAYBACKS

The Not-So-Silent Majority Leader

SINCE 1981, who has been struggling so hard for Bob Dole's presidency that it ruined his romantic life—D'Alema the frog got dumped by his princess, *Giulia Ghera*—nearly dived due to his compromising in exchange for a position in Dole's potential Cabinet. A well-placed political insider says that's because the prominent job isn't in Dole's Cabinet, it's as the new Senate majority leader. "They made a deal. [Dole] doesn't have the constitutional right to make



Al and Bob: Job hunting.

D'Alema has succeeded," says the source. "But if Dole becomes president, he can definitely make it happen. And D'Alema delivered New York in the primary." Now if Dole can only get Claudia to come back. ■



Peer Agassi. The youngest male to win the U.S. Open. Now, the first American male to win three consecutive Wimbledon titles. Saw! The New York Times of Agassi: "It's just possible we have a latter day classic on our hands."

III THE ART OF PERFORMANCE: THE MAKING OF A LEGENDARY CLASSIC.



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Esky

THIS MONTH:

Backroom poker in Montana, country cats in Nashville, tattoos and microbreasts in Oregon, John Sayles—America's smartest movie director (maybe)—and the return of George Jones

Executive interview: Arching like a three-hundred-foot marble couch to bring the action together



The Spectatorship of the Proletariat

Washington, D.C., architect and artist Doug Mitchell thinks it's high time the couch potato—being the cash crop of the information age—got some respect. Witness his latest brainchild, the National Sofa. Mitchell, who is known for Gulliver Ranch, a sculpture of two spotted Gullies played in the Texas prairie, wants to build a curved marble "couch," three hundred feet long, in Lafayette Park, across from the White House. It would then what would seem to be an ordinary reflecting pool, except that sensationally a huge Jumbotron screen would rise from beneath the waters to televise special events for citizens gathered on the sofa. What's more, you would be able to talk back to the pictures. Word up to the White House, the Jumbotron would be interactive. "Gosh," Mitchell's partner James Abbege says, "we'll install a video camera atop the White House TV pissing back at the First Family's sofa, so we can watch the president watching us." Did you hear, it will be as good a moment in the information age as we'll ever see.

—ANNE TONKIN

OUR KIND OF WOMAN

Vanessa Angel

Let's be honest: Looking is on. Back, glancing knees laughing into each other; the immediate fury of the self-renewal wondering with an instant heart-throb the response sparkle of your endorsement; the body trifle most of vanilla, blue eyes, and curled eyebrows. Not enough? Then check out twenty-eight-year-old Vanessa Angel in the feature comedy *English*, brought to you by producers Fred Krivy and Steve Stalder, the brain trust that last rolled a series with David A. Rindler. Think of the film, which opens this week, as the flick of theory with a hair from home: not real, some other or so, okay, other bodies who team up with Woody Harrison and Randy Quaid to separate local leaders from their cash. "I'm part of the distraction," she says. "I do it by wearing very cheap little outfits. But, hey, the movies will say you look that good from an air-craft seat. I'm been a distraction all my life." Don't dream too far just another hour there! portable in two-time show through. "Oh, no. Please. I'm the brains behind the whole scheme. I'm smarter than Woody and Randy put together," she says. Then and raised in England, Angel probably knew the Sport of Revolution by its British name, because, her alter ego "Vanessa," I do very little looking in the movie. "What is all the fuss, then when she makes the act of looking, she must look back." —MICHAEL KATZ





DAMERMAN/STY: DAVID McQUEEN

Poker with Pals

EVERY WEEKEND afternoon at about one o'clock, Claude Hootman gets up from his desk, squares up his stylish flat-topped Stetson, and scoops a block and a half down Main Street in Livingston, Montana, to the poker game in the back room of the Mint Bar.

The other people in his real estate office know he won't be back before four at the earliest, but they don't worry too much. After all, he owns the company, and besides, they're used to it. Claude's been playing poker at the Mint for thirty-five years, and it seems to agree with him. He'll be

thirty-three this year. Claude has a very well-ordered life. He's loving proof that if you want long-term happiness, the house, the job, the marriage, and good schools for the kids only go so far. The real clincher is finding a poker game you can grow old with.

Which isn't easy. If you're playing with folks who are unclear on whether a flush beats a straight, their witless and your antennae aren't going to survive for long. Also, the stakes are important. If you're playing for nickels, you'll get bored, and if you're playing for



too much — well, you don't need that stress.

The real joy comes from playing for stakes that are significant but won't keep you from making the mortgage payments, with a group of friends who play as well

as you do. It's helpful to remember that Claude played this ace-high flush last month, so that when he looks at you with a gleam of a grin and bets two dollars, you'll know to be cautious (Example: Last week,

one on this day our daily bet Claude Hootman, with his abundant poker face, staked "you up against the veterans of the Mint Bar in Livingston, Montana,

playing seven-card stud, I figured him for two pair, and I was right, sort of. He had two pair of aces, which cost me twenty dollars.) One day, dealer Rita Detman stopped the Mint game for a minute, added the ages of the nine players together, and arranged them eighty-one and a half. Now, Don Ray is only seventy-three, but he's been filling a seat at the Mint with deadly skill since he got out of the service after the year—World War II, that is. This is his fiftieth year in the game.

A few years ago the game was even more brotherly. There was no limit, and the regulars favored a poker variation called grocery store, in which each player has five cards in his hand and there are five common cards on the board. Five face-card hand was Problems was, you had damn near no way to tell what anyone else had. Hidden straight flushes and four of a kinds abounded, and cast, homes, and businesses changed hands at a snail's pace. These days, a 100 bet maximum and a 100 pot limit, along with standard games like Omaha, stud, and Texas hold 'em, have calmed things down a little.

Still, brother. I wouldn't advise hopping in the car and driving out here to beat this game. Anybody who can stay with these fellows will have no trouble in Vegas or anywhere else. Meditation or piñatas are necessary.

Then, by the grace of either God or Andy Warhol, he interviewed an Anglo-Indian writer of spiritual tracts whom he calls Alexander Masoulek. "I don't really believe in God," Masoulek told him. "Of course you don't, darling," Masoulek responded. "People like you

BOOKS WILL RHYME

Of God and Warhol

IF MOST MAGAZINES ARE, BY THE tedious imperatives of the newsmongers, inclined to celebrate like sleas pulled by demented hucksters, then *Enlightenment* magazine is the real enlightener. It was a sild headed by the most nihil, psychic dogs of all, a sild being through a wilderness of banality from one cramped party to the next, Andy Warhol cracking his velvet whip, chanting, "Gloria! gloria!" as the dogs mashed readily along. It may be hard to believe that a voyage of professed spiritual discovery could begin at a rag that treated Lubliner's message with graced reverence, but so Mark Masoulek's collaborating memoir, *So Dark Enlightenment* (Riverhead Books), proves, dagged with and even savor at the hollowities of a life spent manufacturing glee can send one screaming down the highway toward the holy even faster than doing time in an asylum.

Back in those frenetic between days, Masoulek would tell it himself as his office, devoting seventy hours a week to ghostwriting articles by the *Genes* and gawping up the effluvia of eloquent conversationalists like Nancy Reagan. But sometimes, the Warhol King, as Masoulek was known, would retreat to the bathroom, sufficing the cold means of dread something was, as they say, bad wrong. Night, he picked up Chinese food and porn videos, triple-locked his apartment, switched on the answering machine, and hunkered down alone until it was time to do it all over again the next day.

Then, by the grace of either God or Andy Warhol, he interviewed an Anglo-Indian writer of spiritual tracts whom he calls Alexander Masoulek. "I don't really believe in God," Masoulek told him. "Of course you don't, darling," Masoulek responded. "People like you

never do." In religious matters, Masoulek was a stooper. "I had a bit neurosis," he says, "and never went to temple again."

To this day, he believes in not believing in anything he hasn't experienced.

But before long, with Masoulek, who had become Masoulek's lover and guide to the secret, setting his travel itinerary, this downtown imperator would find himself maddening from one Buddha face to another in the Himalayas, weeping and praying in the snow of the German countryside, seeing visions of an Indian divine working



in the air. He began to believe. He would also descend into the "actually repressed part" of himself, the cool part of his heart that registered love from love, the woman simply "to hold people down and fuck them."

Not all of his travels were so spiritually coaxed, however. Roaming through Ladakh with Masoulek, Masoulek spent more of his time meditating about food than about the Absolute, and assumed a kind of monastic secrecy about a can of tuna fish, which he tore open with his Swiss Army knife and devoured in the shop, to the clerk's horror.

Masoulek's growing apprehension of the reality of spiritual life came just in time. Several of his friends were either dead or sick from AIDS, and the writer himself was worried that he may have contracted the virus. In fact, Masoulek is HIV-positive. Thus has lost an aura of mystery to his attempts to come to grips with life, although, as his soulful, charming book makes clear, we are all—sick or not—under some comparable death sentence. But, as Masoulek also reveals, that is only the first of many astonishing discoveries available to the openhearted, even those who work at (or read) slick magazines with celebrities on the cover.

CHAPS
RALPH LAUREN



Mr. Rewrite's Return



A JOHN SCHLESINGER IS more like a novel than a movie, most likely to earn praise as a film festival chum pull in money at the multiplex. And while Schlesinger writes great dialogue, some complete that his films are too slow-moving. But with *Low Star*, due out this month, Schlesinger has developed a plot that has plenty of events and events without sacrificing any of the character study found in *Blowup*, *Eight Men Out*, and *Passion Fish*. Which is why *Low Star* may be his finest film yet.

The movie tackles some lofty issues—border conflicts, historical revisionism, cultural wranglings—and parts of

the story unfold in flashback, but the murder mystery that wakes up the sleepy Texas town heightens expectations and makes it all fun to follow. Also, the fifty-four quelling parts are so distinct that when a character orders a beer, you are tempted to signal the bartender to pour one for you, too.

The ability to immerse himself in a particular world and translate it so veraciously is what makes Schlesinger a sought-after rewriter: man—a sometimes frustrating but always

profitable day job—for big-name directors like Rob Reiner, Jonathan Demme, Sydney Pollack, and Ron Howard. That is how the



Sisterhood Watch

First, a disclaimer: It's Quentin Tarantino's fault. His distribution company, *Grinding Gear*, was set up to release the low-budget foreign and exploitation films he pays homage to. Thus, the revivals of *Petrichord Sisters*, an ancient western film about a female gang, the *Dagger Dicks*, and their male counterparts, the *Silver Daggers*. *Grinding Gear*, although actually looking in cinematic value,

forty-five-year-old with a psychology degree from Williams College and a Hollywood education courtesy of Roger Corman manages to write, direct, edit, often act in, and sometimes finance his own movies.

Back in 1964, Soyles filmed *Insider* from *Another Planet* while waiting for the producer's notes on his script rewrites for *The Clan of the Cave Bear* and then took another job to get fundraising money. Years later, despite doing two drafts for *Apocalypse* and incorporating Tom Hanks's ideas during daily rehearsals, Soyles was denied a screenplay credit by the Writers Guild, a slight so upsetting to the film's thoughtful producer, Brian Koppelman, that he paid Soyles the screen credit bonus anyway.

Most recently, Soyles wrote a script about the exonerated Rob Reiner that led that director and his partners to finance *Low Star*. Soyles says his next film is seemingly so exotic—a drama set in Latin America, with subtitles—that he plans to put up most of the money himself. Which has so far translated into five scripts-for-hire from Soyles this year.

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GI Joints

The federal government knows how to give, but does it know how to give good golf? "It's horrible," says Corinne Miller, assistant director, who suffers from glaucoma and is one of eight people legally permitted marijuana in the United States. "I have to travel the joints and check it myself-made, organic..." And the light "I can get the same high off three golf tees from some pot in Amsterdam as I can from smoking a whole government joint," says Ely Winkler, 44-year-old, who gets her weekly supply of three hundred joints in a courier delivery. "It's weird."

Greens are never scarce in Oakland, Mississippi, from, and shipped to the Research Triangle Institute in North Carolina for processing, but each pot smokable takes ten years to go from harvest to smoke. But Michael El-Shehry, the Marijuana Project's director, made by his product: "Manually, it should get the job done."

—ANDREW CHAMBERS



OUR KIND OF GUY

Robert Patrick

FROM THE FIRST time we met him in *Terminator 2*—rained, crumpled, nothing to get into a police man's clothes—Robert Patrick has psyche written all over his face. He's told: He's vicious. He's as ruthless as a Hitler henchman with a baby at the end of his bayonet.

Or maybe not. "Actually," he confides, "I'm a liberal Democrat from Cleveland. I've never even met any psychopaths. At least not that I know of. There is absolutely nothing of me in any of the roles I've played. I mean, the first part

I got was Peter Pan, in third grade, and I really loved it." But isn't that just like Hollywood? Take a vulnerable neophyte from a stable family, a nice guy with a wife he loves and a job for making sensitive films, and turn him into a steel-eyed cyborg, a big-screen Symbol of Evil incarnate for the Whole Damn Planet.

Exactly! "At first, I thought it was fun, then it just got too creepy. You're an unknown guy—then something really tragic comes along, and suddenly all these women start showing up and screaming, 'Oh, my God, it's him!' It's

Psycho dinner:
Patrick getting down and dirty.

wrong! All over the world, people come running up, yelling at me. Hey, listen, so you run through a wall? Let me see you do it! And you're like, 'Oh, shit, how long am I going to be known for this guy?'

Happily, Arnold's volatile presence has finally graduated from the Institute of Cinematic Psychosis. But it did take a while. It's very first role, after all, was as your basic psychotic biker in *Wildboyz* from Hell, which was followed by a stint as—what else?—a psychotic cowboy in another gem, the reasonable fornicator western *Equinox*.

2000. "In another madman gig, as the villain Keanu Scales in *Double Dragon: The Movie*, based on the wildly successful Nintendo game of the same name, I modeled out Patrick's years as a maniac.

Shut them, we're shocked to report, the action hero has moved on to other, more-bell every cinematic stunts. In *Passion*—most's much-suspected *Five in the Sky*, he played an emotional wreck crumpled by abuse. And in the upcoming screen version of Carl Hiaasen's *Sympathy*, Patrick shows up opposite Debra Moore as her paroled ex-husband—a role, as the thirty-seven-year-old points out with pride, in which "I'm not made of liquid metal."

—JANE STUART

There's a point when your boss will be happy with it, your partner will be happy with it, and your client will be happy with it. That was two hours ago.



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CARS FEEL FATTON

Rated XXX

THE BETTER X-90 (Gen X for the nonsex-age 18, dated) resembles an oversexed baseball cap turned backward, slicker style. One of the new generation of cars that—small sports vehicles with rounded cabin bodies on four-wheeled drive plan—form—its designed to encourage driving fantasies the moment you're in the driver's seat.

Along with Toyota's RAV4 and X-90 Sportage

(and a Honda model on its way), the X-90 signals automotive range marketing hard at work. "Exceptional X-treme," runs the Suzuki ads. "It's out there" is Toyota's line for the RAV4. For the young, the Suzuki press release reads, "and young at heart," as an afterthought. A concept car built by students at Art Center College of Design in Pasadena even features flannel-shirt upholstery. So where does that leave those

Pugged conformity: From top, the Suzuki X-90, the Toyota RAV4, and the X-90 Sportage—a little bit of everything and a whole lotta type.

of us who believe that enjoying four-wheel drive, space in back, and a nice elevated ride shouldn't require buying something with a grunge interior?

The sports-only boom shows no signs of abating, and manufacturers should back off of pushing the case angle, as the car's utility value is sufficiently manifest: more high ride, tolerance of underdeveloped infrastructures, and cargo space. Their four-cylinder engines offer better gas economy than big ones do.

The X-90 and the Sportage may charm passersby in the manner of a Shetland pony, but the midsize RAV4—a more conventional-looking little car—has more refined handling. The Sportage is a bargain for an all-around vehicle (around \$14,000 base price), while the less-expensive Suzuki barely seats two and, even at \$10,990, isn't worth the price. Although late in the season, dealers, on the highway, all shake every felling you've ever gotten.

And they all go from zero to sixty in—well, somewhere that week, for sure. The idea is packaging, not power. For the X-90, Suzuki has borrowed parts from its Subaruis, also sold as the Geo Tracker, a competent, small and, and Toyota has taken an engine from the Camry, a diesel from the Celica, and suspension parts from the Corolla to build the RAV4. Carrying space is surprisingly generous if you fold down the rear seats, but it's hardly cavernous. Even the spare tire has been tucked

to the rear hatch, where they or like-life rigs on so many highways.

The same car may be the latest attempt to produce the perfect car-truck hybrid: the market seems to demand, the aesthetic or tangle of automotive lineage, but the truck is more of a marketing than an engineering triumph. Yet for all their novelty value, cars still inspire nostalgia. They recall the old dune buggies and snowy wagons. What's those jang Wagners and Surveys, rolled up in purple-and-pink fringe, the original cars used.



You Are Heard

Some months ago in these pages, a special issue of the PlayStation Preview meant that a review and for our time, many readers will recall a plan to the PlayStation to actually build the car and a plan to them to send letters and checks to children for the money. These plans have been halted. Early next year, PlayStation will begin building and selling the PlayStation to be given to the child, the car, as a gift from PlayStation's list of services and it will also be a game and a toy. These checks will now be called.

AND THEY SAID WE COULDN'T GIVE IT AWAY.



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It's the hunger with the green up there

NEXT UP

What a pair of our favorite cultural figures are in *Canada's Women*. Will be touring to promote her latest album, *New Moon*. Duglas will also tour with the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, performing Wynton Marsalis's concerto "Blood on the Fields." **T. Donaghue Boyle** The author of *The Road to Middleville* and *The Devil's Cart* is writing a historical novel centered on a "psychosocially dysfunctional" character, Stanley McCormick, who, after a nervous breakdown, was sequestered away from women for

twenty years and confined to his family's estate. **Delia Bayly** Will appear in *Healy* (with Lee Tyler and Shelley Long), about a waitress in a small town in upstate New York. "It's a sensitive story about depressed love. It's very sweet, very uplifting," she says. **Kevin Grier** The choreographer and hip-hopping tap dancer is continuing work on his show *Bring in the New, Bring in the Funk* (aka *New Funk*), on Broadway and choreographing for his own dance company, NYCT (Not Your Ordinary Tappers).

Nancy Brown The director of *Playhead* (which will be showing at the Day-Zimmer based on the Ian McEwan children's book "It's a bit dark," she says. "He wrote it for adults in a child's language.") Also wrote (with husband Josh Guay) and will direct *The 12th Floor* (aka *New York*), an abortion for HBO, and is currently in making a film outside the U.S.—"Argentina, maybe, to get a different point of view."

—MICHAEL J. AGOSTINO

RESTAURANTS JOHN MARIANI

Nashville Waistline

NASHVILLE MAY BE better known for its country music, but it's also home to "fancy and classy" restaurants that serve up big portions of meat with at least three vegetables or side orders at a very low price. One of the best new ones is *Monell's* (303 South Avenue North, 615/441-0451). Set in a grand old house in the Germantown neighborhood, Monell's serves both lunches, guest brunches, and

of some fine-dining dining rooms that rank with the best in the U.S. Most prominent is the *Wildfire* (304 Broadway, 615/391-1151), a restaurant that serves up big portions of meat with at least three vegetables or side orders at a very low price. One of the best new ones is *Monell's* (303 South Avenue North, 615/441-0451). Set in a grand old house in the Germantown neighborhood, Monell's serves both lunches, guest brunches, and

with wild mushrooms and Maque choux (a mix of bread, butter, and cream) over braised fingerling beans with a touch of roasted shallots and fresh peas. **Capital Grill**, one of *Esquire's* Best New Restaurants of 1999, is the beautifully renovated *Hennepin State Hotel* (311 South Avenue

North, 615/441-3501) isn't quite in the same structural league as the *Wildfire*, but it's certainly serving food of a similarly high order. In this suburban yet fancy dining room, chef Guillermo Thomas is getting more and more into the mix, with dishes like soft-shell crabs with a medallion of eggplant and lemon-butter sauce.

But the best sides of the year is *Monell's* (303 South Avenue North, 615/441-0451), opened by retired country singer Naomi Judd. It's a big, gorgeous place, full of fireplaces, reproductions and private dining rooms, with an excellent jazz combo and a carefully selected wine list. Judd's wife, her husband, Michael, whose food strikes a rare balance between the sophisticated and the homey. His seafood platter in a pastry shell with a million crusts is humorously simple, but rich with lamb with eggplant caponata and onions in a delicious as any you'll ever have, and his beef tenderloin with a balsamic-vinegar and sage reduction with sweet onions and roast potatoes is a summation of what modern American cooking is about.



How style at Monell's: The business, communal tables, no-nonsense, more shared bowls.

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Green space: The University and Washington Park.

TRAVEL KATHERINE DUMKE

Northwest Song

THINK "RICH-TREN happenin'" and other connotations: It's a sweet-water port on the Pacific Rim, an apple orchard in the Ring of Fire. One hot volcano—Mount Tabor—sleeps disguised as a green city park. The brooding canyon of its Volcano is visible on a clear day. Mount Hood hangs ghostly in the eastern sky.

The feds call my hometown, Portland, *Lafayette* for its rowdy political demonstrations, but even the integrals are polite. It's an eco-first town in a logging state. Cutting a big tree can trigger charming picnics, candlelight vigils, and spray paint canyons of *NO KARNAS* on the sidewalks.

There are secrets, but water is the Given. This is rain forest country and the city straddles the Willamette

River where it joins the Columbia. Water is jewel and joke: canoe and canoeist, oarsman and plight. There are a hundred years' worth of fountains, and winter runs score of unworthy visitors and groveful million green. The gorgeous summers are acutely betrayed by hundreds of milewide calfs.

Get a hotel downtown and explore on foot. The new governor wore blue jeans to his own inauguration, and another is seldom inappropriate. Step aside for runners and skaters when you stroll the riverfront park from the Japanese Memorial to the Rose Garden. Myra, Bianca and MAX trees are first in the downtown area, but you can't flag a taxi on the street. Grab one at the hotel cabstands, or phone.

Take shelter from the

The spreading mass of Portland's City of Books, a famous refuge and hangout, is open late every day of the year. Do read all of Olym in the store's coffee shop. Don't spill on it, and do put it back where you got it.

St in the back at Café Luna on open-air night. Whistle and pound the table when you like a poem, wait when you don't. Catch the hottest touring acts at La Luna and late-night grooves and alternative rock at the black-walled Biergarten, where Rian Cobain first met Courtney Love and Gar Vin first met shranka of Moby Nole.

Drink high-octane espresso until your third chapter. Think beer Portland has more breweries than any other city in the world, edging out even Cologne, Germany. It's only natural when a lot of old-time hippies find all this pure water in a fabulously hop-growing region.

Most of the microbreweries have their own brew-pubs. Go for German styles at Widener Gardens, English at

regulated for safety, sanitation, and technical skill. A dozen studios offer every style from classic *American*—skulls, ships, and bold girls—to modern tribal. For ethereal nature scenes, consult Mary Jane Haden at Demographica. For bold forms and intense color, let Aurore Art Tierso and ask for Lou don Bellman, the mixer who put the swoosh on Nike. benchio Phil Knight. At more than a hundred books in house, this is not for drunken readers. Speculate about how many of the mild manners and snappy acts in this town hide full-body tattoos from colleagues to lovers.

Katherine Dumke is the author of *Cash Love* (Joffe).

Where to stay:

The Buckhorn Road (503) 578-5500 is a ranch, peak phone shows double rooms start at \$250. **The Homes Road (503) 578-5500** is old and full of dark wood paneling, with rooms starting at \$160 for a double. **The RosePlace Road (503) 578-5500** is a new, modern, and it's right on the river. **The RosePlace Road (503) 578-5500** is a new, modern, and it's right on the river. **The RosePlace Road (503) 578-5500** is a new, modern, and it's right on the river.

Where to eat:

Omni (503) 578-5500 is a very modern, moderately expensive place offering extremely good northern Italian and steaks. **Typical (503) 578-5500** is a very modern, moderately expensive place offering extremely good northern Italian and steaks. **Typical (503) 578-5500** is a very modern, moderately expensive place offering extremely good northern Italian and steaks.



O'Leary: The owner's Newport Bay restaurant.

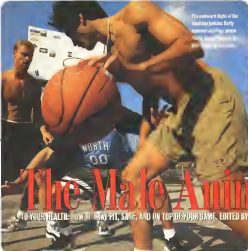
old his offspring enough the TV goggles and me. And they can't steal me. Me, me, I'm not like

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The untamed spirit of the
hard-top Jordan: Early
summer-slaying game
with Duke, 1992



The Male Animal

TO YOUR HEALTH, HOW TO STAY FIT, SAFE, AND ON TOP OF YOUR GAME. EDITED BY AMY LESBERG

THE MALE MIND MICHAEL EDGELL

The Hard Logic of Holding Out

The trick is knowing when she really wants it

DO YOU EVER withhold sex from your mate? I put that question to three well-known friends with whom I jam waddy in a downtown rehearsal studio. "Yeah, like after a fight," volunteered our light-tinged sex player. "When she looks the hell out of me, I yell through the layline,

"That's it! You're out for a week!" Our guitarist, who had a longer relationship than with his wife, rified, "Or you phone her from your car in the garage. 'You're really gonna have to beg me to let you go!'" Our pianist, recently reassured, shook his head sadly, as though wondering whether I was a candidate for

preventive injections or a penic implant.

As every man knows, withholding is an important dodge within the larger female mating strategy. Psychologist David Buss, author of *The Evolution of Human Mating*, says that by refusing sex, women enhance its value. "Scarcity bumps up the price that men are willing to pay," he says. "If the only

way men can gain access is by heavy investment, they'll make that investment." Even if it means forgoing Tuesday-night hand practice.

But do men ever refuse to give it up? Defying millennia of years of evolutionary wisdom, the clearest among them apparently do. When their partners play it cool, women get a little bewitched and bothered, on a pleasure sore of woe—the few who are lucky enough to have been thusly manipulated, that is.

Why? Women enjoy hearing sex, women enhance its value. "Scarcity bumps up the price that men are willing to pay," he says. "If the only

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BALL

Virtual Jordan

YOU WOULDN'T PAY TO WATCH US, WE WOULDN'T PAY TO WATCH OURSELVES. In fact, we'd probably pay not to watch ourselves. Six or so guys tightly guarded by media ops, muscling around the stage over on West Fifth-St. Street, the basketballers trapped in a week pay, leaping, spinning, dunking, leaping the basket, diving hard into the crowd-fish lines, whooping and cracking one way through a largely symbolic man-to-man defense.

I'm sure we didn't look any better in those glorious moments of our youth that basketballers love to remember. We were southern-born men. We never believed in every the high-fliers who met them the run to fiddle at how small things like not looking down below. (Thinking, I was reminded, the reason when we took a runner trap from half-court and just called it, or when we dished a ball to change the set.)

We knew in the heart-of-the-moment what the game is supposed to look like. And yet much in the beauty of getting basketball on a hot, dirty asphalt court, and much in the power of the imagination, that what we do feels like perfection. There's always one moment—say my outside shot, one precise moment, one great behind-the-back dunk—that gives us the sense of transcendent presence that, say, *Michael Jordan* cost him. It brings us back to the event. And when you're inside something that truly perfect, when you're at the root of the world knows you're a champion, a hero, a virtual *Michael Jordan* is a celebration of the darkness that feels like grace.

And if that's not reason enough to play, it's also a great excuse for looking off from work early, drinking beer, and going home with a lot of super-sweaty-looking battle wounds.

—WILL BUTLER

by frequency of masturbation, vaginal blood flow, and nocturnal erections, the best point would seem to be: masturbation (having a few days before and ending a few days after ovulation). But dozens of studies indicate that this is when women have the least sex (although they report a terrific sense of well-being). Their most active time: five to six days before menstruation, when testosterone is dropping, and four to six days after, when it begins to rise.

Why? Researchers aren't sure. Testosterone may be felt more distinctly in that sexual range than in any other

time. Or the motorcycle pull's influence on desire may be delayed. In any case, with permanent male quaking virtually guaranteeing fertility, women have no need of an ovulation-linked sexual cycle. Which means that we've evolved to when seduction rather than prostitution plays the central role in sexual behavior. The man who regularly wants to have his way with his steady mate must have convincing evidence, and masculine powers of persuasion, depending on the day of the month.

Which brings us to your new withholding technique.

Pssst—Wanna Feel Young Again?

A NEW WONDER drug is barreling down the express lane of medicine, progress, spreading controversy and hype in its path. It's already legal, and it's perfectly timed to tempt gorging baby boomers with fountain penicillin. It's called human growth hormone (HGH).

At the Palo Alto-Santa Clara University Institute, Dr. Edmund Chin is openly treating people as young as thirty-nine with HGH. His patients spend a week at the institute, where they're evaluated for dosage, taught to inject themselves, and loaded up with a supply. Chin claims a multitude of benefits for the therapy, including increases in body fat and improvements in cardiovascular and kidney function, skin condition, immunity, hypertension, cholesterol levels, arthritis, and sex drive. Meanwhile, a Texas businessman has copyrighted a list of

doctors in some forty cities across the country who are quietly dosing patients with HGH. The going rate: around \$200 a week.

Before you reach for your scales, though, you need to know that this HGH underground seriously alarms HGH researchers, who unanimously insist that the safety and benefits of adult HGH therapy are far from established.

HGH, produced by the pituitary gland deep in your brain, has long been known to play a crucial role in sex, human growth and development. Its use as a therapy for children stunted by subnormal HGH levels was approved by the FDA years ago. But HGH research didn't take off until recombinant DNA biotechnology made possible the production of a synthetic form, which is safer and more easily produced than the natural form (which was harvested from cadavers).

In 1995, the late Daniel Rodman of the Medical College of Wisconsin first put the word on notice with a widely reprinted study showing that restoring HGH levels in elderly men reduced body fat, increased lean mass and bone density, and thickened skin. The NIA funded further HGH research generously, recognizing the promise that replicating his successes would hold a dramatically improved quality of life for millions of aging Americans and billions of dollars deducted from the nation's medical bill.

The HGH studies now under way report only mixed success, however. At Rhode Island Hospital, Dr. David Mazmanian is heartened by indications of improved patient strength and loss of abdominal fat. But he has also seen troubling side effects such as carpal tunnel syndrome and

severe hypertension. The research of Kevin Yancik at Washington University in St. Louis has so far yielded no benefits. He's cautioned that clinicians are already giving HGH to ordinary patients and argues that their sources for it are unknown and may even be dangerous. (For his part, Chin insists that his HGH is supplied by a major U.S. drug manufacturer on research grounds.)

Alongside us work with synthetic HGH, Tashiro's team is looking into "secretagogues"—a variety of chemical agents that stimulate natural HGH secretion, which may well prove preferable to synthetic injection.

Seeing as how HGH, for all its promise, neither gives nor prolongs lives, a good case can be made that science should be allowed to run its course before we lunge for the needle.

—COLIN BRAMAN



30/40/50 ANDREW CHAIKIN

Just when you think you're aging gracefully, your skin throws in a few new wrinkles

SURFACE TENSION

Your skin—the body's largest organ—made about seven pounds wet, if stretched out flat, would cover an area of twenty square feet. But don't try it. A square-inch patch of skin from a healthy thirty-year-old man contains three million cells, one hundred sweat glands, a hundred oil glands, seventy-two feet of nerves, thirteen feet of blood vessels, and sixty-two hair follicles.

As skin cells age, they move toward the epidermis, the outermost layer, which consists of several layers of living cells covered by fat but dense layers of dead or near-dead cells. The body continually sheds these at a rate of up to four hundred million cells a day. By forty, a man has lost more than twenty percent of skin.

As a teenager, you were able to replace worn-out skin cells every two to three weeks, but as your skin the process may take as long as forty days. Because the dead cells linger on the surface longer, you may notice your skin becoming drier and coarser.

THE STUFF OF SPORT

The All-Terrain Puck

JUST AS WHEN THE MOST MEMORABLE OBJECTS ON THE space station here to be redesigned, for nightmarish, all the more and excitement of history has been entered more than it has moved from use to preservation. Rather today's team is a perfect for the sport-gods gods. Like and others have jumped into making modern ready and push-but it was left to the clever engineers at the Boeing of Elkhart, Minnesota, distinguished as the home of the first modern rubber shopping puck, to re-create the game's vital element. Its Red Puck is a three-inch polycarbonate disk embedded with three hollow ball bearings that lend it the air of a UFO about to descend and subvert. The Red Puck, which enjoyed a supporting role in the Disney Mighty Ducks film, has been joined by the Street Puck, with four bearings, for rougher surfaces, and the Zero-bounce ball, filled with a heavy liquid to give it the behavior of a sphere on some planet far heavier than ours—an alien version of the old Spalding.

—PAUL FURBER



TIGHT LINES

Smooth the epidermis, you'll find the dermis, the layer that's rich in glands, vessels, follicles, nerves, and a web of supporting tissue collagen, which gives skin its strength and structure, and elasticity, which lets your skin stretch its shape after it is stretched or pinched. These fibers are always beginning to wear—wrinkles begin to appear across your forehead.

Wrinkles show up as your face is part because your skin is getting its greatest stretch these forty-four muscles attached directly to the skin control the thousand different facial expressions. By your mid-fifties, you'll see wrinkles at the corners of your eyes and around your mouth.

You may not be losing considerable in your own skin anymore. Your most glands have begun shutting down and are not making the body as efficiently. You've also been losing collagen at a rate of 1 percent a year, and as the underlying layer of fat beneath the skin begins to thin out, your skin becomes looser and sags, most notably at the cheeks and under the eyes.

SEEING SPOTS

Your epidermis starts out melanin, the dark pigment responsible for skin color, freckles, moles, ber-ber-ber, and as you check the silver-white, snow-capped rays of the sun a single time. If you think that your skin is the more to get around about your skin, you're too late. 80 percent of the sun's damage occurs before age twenty.

When you're about forty, the number of sun-sensitive melanin-producing cells in your skin decreases by about 10 percent every ten years. What's more, the melanin cells now tend to expand and clump together, causing the dark patches known as age or "liver" spots.

Because of the decrease in sun-protecting cells, you will see less as deeply as evenly. They're not so much skin. A study of men in their states showed that by avoiding the sun they were able to stay further wrinkles and, in some cases, even reverse the skin's aging process.

The Fatal Vision Thing

IVE WRITTEN OUT on dates," admits a pretty bland thirty-year-old. "I'm not proud of it, but I've left in the middle of a movie and just gone home. I mean, you know right away. Why waste time?"

"I saw him eat. I didn't need to see him naked," says an Audrey Hepburn knockoff.

When assessing the life-partners potential of first dates, women like these don't play The O. J. jury deliberated longer before returning a verdict. For the youngest dating can be a lethargic pastime. But with practice on the playing fields of love, she sharpens her gaze. She doesn't want to repeat past mistakes or revisit familiar dead-end streets. Like an artist or an athlete, she trains her instincts.

It's scary. Her date's wondering if he's going to get to first base, and she's ready to stand him up to the showers. In a moment, she sees not only the shape of the evening to come but the topography of their next thirty years together. He's checking to see if he has breast mums, and she's eyeing his gums to see if their grandchildren will need periodontal work.

Okay, granted, we're from Men and Women are definitely not created equal. Men can be Wile Chamberlain, play head-and-run. "Why don't you just relax—have fun," we say, as if it were just a pickup game and not the National Championship in Couch Time. For the dating women,

more is at stake—especially when the ol' biological Rolex is ticking maddly.

And what if she decides you're the One? You just wanted to chill with the babe, maybe get the pipes cleaned—or not, no big deal—but have a good time either way. And there you are, seized across

the table from a heat-seeking missile, a Whirling Martin, eyes aching insistently in rising smoke, like the gorgeous alien in *Species*, who must have your seed to reproduce and then will devour you. So much for mindless sex.

Take a deep breath. Suppress the impulse to flee; let the course. It's nothing to fear. You won't have to sign a prenuptial agreement along with the check. If you calm down she might, too. And who knows—she could turn out to be the One.

Another solution is herd dating. One friend refuses to go one-on-one until he first goes to know the woman through the insulating filter of a group. After all, we all started out like blimps, wobbly and shy, and we were coaxed into standing up on massive hooves, feebly dipping and shaking once dating's thin ice through the relatively unromantic settings of pizza parties to junior high. In a bit of constructive regression,

sex grows up on crinkled other worldly at volleyball games, FTA, Outward Bound, or AA meetings before parting off.

But back to the guy who's given the leave-to before the here I do leaves arrive. How do you cope with women making snap judgments about you as if you were some side order of free-range sperm? A lot of guys find chased-guy who, speaking of tale, are expected to make the first move, to put their fibbons out there to be so glibly lepped off. My advice is, simply. Forget them their dams. Remember,

muchmaking isn't always been in the hands of the lovers. Dating is a relatively recent development, compared to the modern notion, basically a contemporary indulgence. For even, arranged marriages were the only viable love

Connection in global Anatolia. And the sons of women who

debated a man at first sight—er, second sight—had to sign a prenuptial agreement along with the check. If you calm down she might, too. And who knows—she could turn out to be the One.

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POP WISDOM

Is Your Head in Your Genes?

IF YOUR MATERNAL grandfather became a clownhouse clown at a youthful age, you probably grew up dogged by warnings that a similar fate awaited you. For obscure reasons, people insist on believing that the genetic tract for baldness is passed down from the mother's side of the family. This is a theory that hasn't been taken seriously by scientists for ages. The reigning hypothesis, first proposed in 1916, is that the gene or genes that induce early hair loss can come from Mom or Pop—or both.

Not that we know what in our DNA causes hair loss. We do know, though, that male pattern baldness occurs in men whose hair follicles are genetically programmed to shrivel up and die, a process that occurs only in the presence of testosterone (explaining why castrated goats to the grave sporting wild manes). A major study has found that men who lose their hair rapidly (that is, go from bristles to baldness in less than six years) are almost two-and-a-half times more likely to develop heart disease than their hairier brethren. Franticly balding, then, may be a marker indicating a genetic predisposition to heart trouble. If so, you can always wear streaks for shade to alter your cardiovascular destiny—but certainly will change the fate of a doomed part.

—THOMAS GIVENS



THE HAIR SOLUTION YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR



The search for a solution to a natural, full head of hair has left us with conflicting hair waxes, ineffective anti-hair loss treatments and radical surgeries which sacrifice your hair and temples in somewhere that. Unfortunately, none of these alternatives provide a natural, permanent solution.

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LET'S GO TO THE MAP!

Forget the campaign. All you need to know is that Dole's all red and Clinton's got the blues.

MY ADULT LIFE WAS FORGED forty years ago when I dugged a dog-eared copy of the World Almanac with me every morning to Mrs. Ackerman's fourth-grade class. As a nine-year-old, I was totally baffled by grown-up elections, but I found within the almanac's sage-type columns of numbers a clarity that helped me comprehend the outside world. The certainty of statistics defined my tenuous interests and explains my lifelong passion for the twin pillars of modern sociology—baseball and electoral politics.

I'll spare you the updates on Rostene baseball. But allow me to linger over the memory of my schoolboy self coping

ing out the returns from the two Bush-vower-Silverman contests, desperately searching for some formula that would rescue the Democrats to their rightful place in the White House. And while Mrs. Ackerman pointed on about "not favoring the strong," I absorbed a lasting life lesson: Sometimes the Democrats are simply doomed by electoral geography.

Already this November looks like one of those elections in which the political map defines reality better than the national polls. If you focus on only the Clinton-Dole trial heats, you come away with the unmistakable impression that our beloved president is about to become the first Democrat since FDR to win two terms. But, alas, before Dole even breaks a sweat in the gloves-off fall campaign, he'll have close to one of the 510 necessary electoral votes safe in the bank.

After a few more hunches with what no-worry Clinton insiders, I came to the conclusion that the White House doctrine must be dispersing. Presume the way dissects at Stalin 54

once headed out blow. The only other explanation for this uncharacteristic optimism is that the Clinton team has been suckered into believing its own polls. Sure, the president's approval ratings are at near-record levels, but that still means that only half the voters think he's doing a good job.

My suspicion is that this American wake-the-when-it's-over malaise will not lift until October, when everyone realizes that the contest may be as close as Kennedy-Nixon—and gone are the days when the Democrats could depend on the Daley machine to bring in Illinois with a strategy of Dead Men Voting.

As part of my desperate strategy to stay one step ahead of the conventional wisdom (in this business, you're either quick or dead to write about issues), I sat down for long talks with two leading political demographers, one from each party, to try to master the game of the states. The contrasts between these experts at partisan "targeting" were immediately obvious. The Republican strategist—John Morgan, widely hailed



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as the party's top demographic—confidently predicted a Dole victory and theorized that “Bill Clinton will be hard-pressed to keep the 45 percent of the vote he won in 1992.” My Democratic guru, who did not want his name used for fear of antagonizing the president’s reelection team, claimed that “the election is close and Clinton is the favorite” but later conceded that the odds of a second term were no better than fifty-fifty.

Margin gladly pointed out that the forces of historical determinism were on the side of the GOP.

Twelve states with a combined seventy-three electoral votes had voted Republican in the last seven presidential elections. The Democrats argued that the Clinton throw weights from California, New York, and Massachusetts (each with counter-balanced gay built-in Republican advantages).

But beneath the partisan veneer, the two camp movements reflected a striking consensus on the political balance of power in the electoral college. The analysts agreed that the election would likely be decided along a bond of eight industrial states stretching from Missouri to New Jersey (Republicans were safely Republican here). Clinton controlled all eight of these in 1992—though his margins in both Ohio and New Jersey were fewer than 100,000 votes—providing an electoral vote.

The wild-card factor (with emphasis on “wild”) is Ross Perot—the floppy-haired perennial who has issued more draft calls than General Hensley. These surveys suggest that the motor-mouthed maverick now hurls Clinton as much as Dole, with Republicans-leaving 1990 Perot supporters now being split by 10 percent, down-market mainstream voters handing over more than the bloom is off the Rose. “I’m looking at 7 to 10 percent of the vote for Perot,” said Moskop, who argued that the hapless billion-dollar 1992 vote totals were inflated by the Bush campaign’s decision not to advertise in safe Republican states.

Geography is destiny in both politics and warfare, and the only way to make sense of the coming aerial bombardment of campaign ads is to trot out that familiar map that illustrates the enduring truth of Gertrude Stein’s observation: “In the United States, there is more space where nobody is than where anybody is.”

Closer, October, you will be seeing regional backdrops that go something like this:

NEW ENGLAND: Clinton was playing to his base when he picked Martha’s Vineyard as his favorite vacation spot.

New Hampshire has always been Dole’s version of Heartbreak Ridge, but the gun-toting amishers will vote Republican. Otherwise, it’s all Clinton, though Connecticut could be shaky in a tight race.

MID-ATLANTIC: Hillary would probably carry New York, Maryland, West Virginia, and the District. New Jersey is still waiting for its Clinton tax cut, so put it on the Dole. Pennsylvania governor Tom Ridge is a long shot Dole vote choice, barring that, it’s Clinton again. For those who care, Delaware is a toss-up.

THE BELT: Clinton has to go home state. Arkansas remains safe for Clinton, unless everybody subverted in Whitewater votes Republican. Elsewhere, the Democratic all-southern boy ticket might as well run behind General Sherman. Tennessee elected two GOP senators in 1994, so the Democrats will probably be gored here. Poverty and the black vote keep Louisiana in play. I will stubbornly bet Florida in the toss-up category (see last month’s column), assuming the Democrats cannot reach money there for campaign ads.

THE MIDWEST: So many dual governors, just one VP slot on the Republican ticket. Dole has to win Michigan to win the election, declares my Democratic respondent, so nervously avoided the vegetables in welfare-whacking governor John Engler (Clinton is in no position to decide

Engler for blarney up to avoid the Vietnam draft.) Ohio always tilts Republican, while Clinton racked up a large margin in Illinois in 1992. Minnesota and probably Iowa go to Clinton. Add Wisconsin and Missouri to the growing toss-up pile. Clinton, 35, Dole (with Engler), 32, toss-up 12.

THE GREAT PLAINS: Dole on a roll (hold the mayo). Clinton 0, Dole 35. **THE SOUTHWEST:** Then, now, so one in the Clinton camp understands why he carried Nevada and Montana in 1992. Minutes don’t happen twice. Colorado will probably revert to GOP form, while New Mexico (Clinton’s strongest state here) should not another toss-up. Clinton 20 again, Dole 35, toss-up 5.

THE WEST: Only Alaska looms large against the somber backdrop of a Democratic sweep. Clinton is polling around five percentage points stronger in California than he is nationally, so Ralph Nader’s quackery efforts on the Clinton Party base seem more like media-hyped mischief than a realistic threat. A full-scale ad campaign in California costs at least two million (more if you are Michael Hoffington), so the Dole campaign would love to see Clinton pinned down defending this safe turf in late October instead of squawking the media money for the Midwest. Clinton 36, Dole 3.

If you have been keeping score at home, you already know that Dole leads left-out on the Region electoral-vote vote board. But we have been equally with our toss-up assets. Florida alone could hand Dole the keys to the Oval Office. Or he could go over the top by combining Missouri, Louisiana, and New Mexico. With all four of these assets, Dole would no longer need Michigan and its plump, draft-dodging governor. The Roboter could be baking in the sun on the Transam balcony while Engler remains ladder in Lansing.

One final scenario worthy of a political pollster: Clinton wins Michigan (go Engler on the ticket), Missouri, Wisconsin, and Delaware, while Dole picks up the other toss-up states. The odd result, 319-313. The nation is united to the first tie in the electoral college since 1800, and the House of Representatives picks the president. Who says a Clinton-Dole race has to be dull? ■



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STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND

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THE COLLAPSE OF the Delphi, on-line service in February, after months of tinkering but before its fully-hyped launch, was accompanied by a rash of theories involving culture clashes, women spending, and Rupert Murdoch's brother-in-law. But no explanation was as trenchant as that offered by a young woman I knew who worked, briefly, at the Murdoch-MCI Communications joint venture. "The problem with Delphi," she said, "was that it was a fashion season, 'it's a look that too long to get. The people in charge were older people who only done print. It takes that type longer to learn."

Print's preoccupation with its usual format. All over the Internet, trained press workaholics are leaving one cyberspace. If those of us wired in print are really too attached to our habits, too resistant to change, too old, to make the transition to that wordless new medium, will we survive our exile to cyberspace?

Michael Kinsley scoffs at the question. The now famous renegade from what is now known, quaintly, as "the conventional media," Kinsley, forty-



CyberKinsley: "Lower, natural, drinking is the business I'm in."

five, was among the most gifted magazine editors of his generation—responsible first for revitalizing *The New Republic*, and later, in an all-too-brief run, *Harper's* magazine. He set off a shock wave that still reverberates in my world when, just last January, he left Washington, D.C., for Washington state, abandoning his post as editor of CNN's *CNN* to develop an on-line magazine for Microsoft.

Yet, while conceding that he's still "trying to find the bathroom" at Microsoft's sprawling campus in the desert suburb of Redmond, he doubts that cyberjournalism will vary much from the tradition in which he was raised. "I'm starting on the assurance that it's not that different," Kinsley told me.

Inured to the debating techniques he honed on *CNN*, Kinsley, looking

calm and, in a nonchalant way, implacable in *klugean*, an overly pressed pink button-down shirt, and Redwings, embraced the reasoning underlying his hypothesis.

"First, when the microphone over was introduced, did it change the nature of covering?" he asked. "No. But I imagine, it started with people trying to cook the way they had and adapting." He was on firm ground here, as any of us who've used our microphones mostly for debouncing can attest.

"Second reason," he continued. "Our market, starting off, it was made up of cyberpunks. I think of them as people who like the kind of literary journalism magazine I've put out in the past and will like it just as much if it's delivered

in a new way." He described his as-yet-unleashed on-line publication as "like *The New Republic*, like *The New York*, like *Esquire*. A magazine for magazine readers, not a magazine for cyberpunks."

He turned to his computer to glance at a Web site he'd called up. It possessed cannibalistically updated news of an L.A. street scene, courtesy of a camera hung over Wilshire Boulevard.

"And third," Kinsley concluded, "the suspicion of all this talk that there's something fundamentally different about the nature of communication, the nature of thought, of human behavior, because of the Internet."

Kinsley plans to set his chosen by putting out a fairly conventional publication—a magazine of politics, culture, and the arts, designed for reading, not clicking. Multitreads will be used spor-

ingly and only when it is journalistically justified. In essence, he sees the Web as a cheap alternative to the ink, paper, and postage that have made his type of periodical—think *The New Yorker* or *The Atlantic*—monthly circulations before you—almost impossible to sustain economically in the physical world. "It seems to me it would be sufficient vindication of the medium if you can show that it allows the type of journalism that was traditionally funded by a rich person's goodwill to be self-supporting," he said.

Not far away, in Bellevue, Thomas L. Phillips Jr. shook his head when told of Kinsley's intentions. "If that's the way he's thinking," Phillips said, "he's in for a rude awakening."

Phillips is a senior vice-president at Starwave, an interactive-media company that was started by billionaire Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen. His first in the Seattle area after a run as founding publisher of *Spy* magazine, bringing along with him a raft of defectors from places like *Nantucket*, the *New York Post*, *The Seattle Times* and other publications.

THAT THEIR GENES HAVE BEEN altered is apparent from the novel program that competes with the constant hum of traffic practicing their windows from I-5. Editors and writers talk about "playing the box"—learning and utilizing the computer's multimedia capabilities. And when making a story filled with text, video, audio, and hyperlinks, you do not "page through" it; you take the mouse and "click."

What this meant became clear to Mitch Gelman soon after he joined ESPNET SportsZone, a joint venture between Starwave and ESPN (ESPN is partially owned by the Home Corporation, which publishes *Esquire*).

Gelman is neither gaudy nor grungy; he is not, by training or temperament, a network or a radio host. He is—or was—a newspaperman, a vocation he attested that he shared a Pulitzer prize for *New York Newsday's* coverage of a 1991 New York subway crash. The earthquake that drove him west occurred on July 14, 1995, when he returned to *Newsday* after reporting an immigration story and saw a crowd gathered just outside the paper's conference room. The editor and publisher were announcing to their staff the paper's company's decision to shutter the daily.

"The killing of a paper that had won, what, five Pulitzers in five years re-

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informed in my mind that something was changing fundamentally in the communications industry," said Gelman, a wiry, ruddy-faced thirty-four-year-old. "A little bit later, I saw a New York Times truck dumping newspapers out its back into a pile. All I could see was newspaper, trucks, cost, inefficiency."

The narrative culture shocked him immediately. On his first assignment at SportsZone's forams editor, covering the 2001 World Series, he found himself responsible not only for quickly passing the results of the games but for helping chase down audio clips that could be uploaded as WAV files for users hungry for more than the written word.

"As a reporter, your role is confined. Go out, get the story, type it, done," Gelman told me. "Now, you are assignment editor, reporter, copy editor, picture guy, producer, trucker, and the guy who fills the paper in the morning and gives your secretary cents back on your dime."

He also assumed a role with no precedence: He learned about it when, cellular phone in hand, he ambushed baseball players at the batting cage and relayed to them questions from the users visiting SportsZone's live chat room. As he transitioned back to their Albert Belle's uncharacteristic answer, Gelman realized that he was not filtering information and choosing the context of a story, the way he had done as a newspaper reporter. He was no longer what media scholars term an "information gatekeeper." On the Web, he had become more of what he called an "invisible conduit."

"The way I started to think about it was, in radio, you told a story, in television, you broadcast a story, on the Web you present a story."

But that description seemed vague; it sounded an awful lot like directing or producing a film or television show, an occupation to which we print kids have long adapted. I

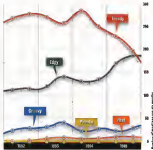
"In radio, you told a story," says SportsZone's Mitch Gelman. "In TV, you broadcast a story. On the Web, you present a story."

pressed the Showers on this point. Geoff Ross, SportsZone's publisher (and a former general manager at *30x3*), repeated my question.

"How do you teach your brain to think in that new medium after being in print?" he asked. "Part of it is learning to yourself think as you read." "That's just what a good writer does," I responded, "acting as a surrogate for the reader and making sure her questions are answered where they might logically occur."

Tip Replacement

It's no longer in to be with it, but it's pretty cool to be edge right now. According to a News search of the Los Angeles Times, *Daily Variety*, and *The Hollywood Reporter*, during the last four years, the word tip has been replaced by a fresh breed of def definitions:



"Tip," replied Ross, a lanky thirty-seven-year-old. "But do you want your story written to such a low common denominator that everybody's questions are answered inside the text in the same place? And do you have the space in print to answer every question?"

Time and space, in fact, figure heavily in the journalist's shift to cyberspace. A system that allows anyone, anywhere, to constantly access a site collapses time, eliminating deadlines and hardening cyberspace with the responsibility of updating their work moment by moment. Doing so also obliterates the notions of a geographic "market" and a fixed news "product."

"In some ways, this is a throwback to the Athenian agora, where someone ran up to tell you the news and ran up to you again when new news happened," New York University journalism professor Michael Schudson, author of *A History of News* told me. "The Internet is a market extended around the world. Where news used to flow from one end of the market to another, now it flows around the world, constantly updated, constantly available."

At SportsZone, deadlines will routinely stay until three in the morning, missing entries in a world that consists only of special editors. Publisher Allen considers that the has created an employee-morale problem. "You're never done," he said. "That's never that same of 'It's already wrapped and in a box, let's blow off for three weeks.'" Indeed, Mitch Gelman's fanatic, who followed him to Seattle, has recently begun to grumble about all the time he's spending at the office, staring either at a screen or at the traffic, rather than in the Cascade Mountains and at her.

All of which made me wonder: If cyberspace is so different, and if adjustments come so hard, why are people like Gelman, whose back grounds (if not their constraints) might render them unsuitable for

this endless new world? Why not use young "info whos," in my friend Pavla's words, just?

Geoff Ross was unhesitant in his response: "How to tell a story," he said, "remains subject and medium."

On that point, at least, Michael Kinsley would agree. "There are a lot of people who think that because of the Web, linear, rational thinking will play a smaller role on the Net than in other media," Kinsley said. "All I can say is, linear, rational thinking is the business I'm in. If it doesn't come on the Net, then I'm in the wrong business."

MICHAEL KINSLEY'S BOOKMARKS

Favorite Web sites of the editor of *Newsweek's* *Outlook* on-line magazine:

- ▼ **Notion Review** (literary and progressive culture and politics E-mail) <http://www.notionreview.com/>
- ▼ **Case Institute** (hyperactive book lists) <http://www.caseinstitute.com/>
- ▼ **Click Interactive** and multimedia-protective E-mail <http://www.clickinteractive.com/>
- ▼ **CRW Interactive** (continually updated worldwide news) <http://www.crw.com>
- ▼ **Compendium Quarterly** (news and analysis from Capital Hill) <http://www.compendium.com>
- ▼ **Epiphany** (a free version of Google News) <http://www.epiphany.com>
- ▼ **Feed** (library E-mail) <http://www.feed.com>
- ▼ **McWorld** (McWorld's E-mail) <http://www.mcworld.com>
- ▼ **Mr. Kinsley** (daily online comment on news and culture) <http://www.mrkinsley.com>
- ▼ **Morgan Stanley Global Economic Forum** (daily news and commentary on international issues) <http://www.morganstanley.com>
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HIGH HOPES AND HOT AIR



Among the stampede of new IPOs are plenty of offerings you can refuse

WHEN WE'RE OLD, WITH grandchildren on our knees, some of us will beguile the little tots with tales about the great flood of '98, when the stock piled as high as an elephant's eye (or however that goes). Others among us can imagine a time, not far beyond the millennium, when a precocious little tyke will struggle up to our knees and say, "Grandpa, won't tell me again what it was like when Netscape went public or tell a share."

To which we'll reply, merrily, "Ah, yes, I remember a well."

Indeed, indeed. We are living through a historic period. Throughout several years in the 1990s, the Dow rose and fell by barely a percent a year. In 1998, it has been rising and (less fre-

quently falling) by a and a penny a day. And the market sector has been hotter in recent months than "new issues"—a clear sign of an approaching market top.

Confounding reason, this historic backwater of Wall Street is receiving what appear to be the highest valuations of any segment of the market, with some companies enjoying totally outlandish price-earnings ratios. One such company, Pixar Studios, which creates computerized animation (it was the cutie behind the Disney blockbuster *Tytoons*), went public last winter at an undeniably high price, only to see its stock price fall some 50% in the first few months of this year. If the thirty companies of the Dow enjoyed such preposterous multiples, they'd be worth about five times the entire GDP.

Such prices are especially easy to believe, in many cases, because investors are grabbing up shares of tiny, shiny companies with shaky financials and untested products. In fact, this market craze for basically one reason: to enable firms to raise cash they can't get any other way. They need more money than anyone

will lend them, or they can't afford the terms being asked, or no bank will lend them anything at all. So they turn to the new-issues market as the ultimate provider of high finance—they "go public."

Historically, the market for small public offerings, or IPOs, has been just about the wildest place on Wall Street—short of maybe the commodities pit. My friend Louis Brandeis, head of the investment firm that bears his name, has tracked the performance of new issues since 1926, during which time the Dow has risen 700 percent, and reports the following: If you'd bought every new issue that came to market, the current value of your portfolio would be down by about 3 percent.

Sure, you'll find some companies with established markets and good products going public for various reasons. Last summer, *Ente Lauder* went public with 25 million shares at an 18% discount. This spring, *American States National*, an insurance spin-off of Lincoln National, offered to reduce shares at 15% apiece. The firm is already the second-largest property and casualty underwriter for small businesses. But many of the companies now coming to market have no earnings under their belts, and some don't even have products to sell. One firm, *Ultrasonix*, which is developing a sonar-based compass, has only eight employees and has yet to sell a single compass. In February, it went public anyway at 10 a share, raising a whopping \$10 million as investors scrambled to get aboard this rocket ship to nowhere. By June, the stock price had fallen to 10 cents, and the company was looking for a buyer.

Back in January I warned that a crash was coming in one absolutely overvalued sector of the new-issues market, computer-software stocks, and indeed, within a month, they began to lead over. Now word is out on Wall Street that the

IPO bubble may soon burst, and investment firms are flooding the market with new issues while there's still time to unload the last—and perhaps—dregs of all Securities Data, which tracks these things, says that spring 1998 will see an upsurge in IPOs coming to market.

If I had to offer some handy pointers on how to sort the wheat from the chaff, here's what I'd say:

- Look for a reputable underwriter. An IPO brought to market by, say, Morgan Stanley, Merrill Lynch, or Goldman Sachs is likely to be a better bet than one from an outfit you've never heard of.

- Check out the terms in the registration statement—Form S-1—that underwriters file with the SEC for each new IPO. Many of these documents are posted on the Internet, where you can download them for free (<http://www.sec.gov>).

- Steer clear of offerings that bear a high- or substantial-risk warning on their first page. Beware also of any mention of dilution. If an investment translates into a share of stock worth, oh, 30 or 40 cents of equity value, you're being asked to pay for past losses. The greater the dilution, the less the deal.

Finally, be forewarned. No matter how good the deal may look on the registration statement, it'll be less good for you, the individual investor. As an investor, you won't stand a chance of benefiting from the private offering price. That price is certainly reserved for institutional investors such as mutual funds, which are willing to commit to buying large chunks of stock in advance of the offering. In almost every case, the proffering price represents the most that the underwriter figures a money-smart institutional investor will pay for the stock. In other words, that's all the stock really worth. When the shares start trading openly, nothing underpins a rising price except hot air and hope—which is where you come in. You're almost guaranteed to get killed.

Remember Pixar? Failed to pre-offering investors at 100 per share, it actually started trading at 10. With the stock now back around 20 per share, every single outside investor who stayed in this deal lost his shirt.

So here's my real advice: If you're thinking about taking a bite on an IPO, get a cold compress on your forehead and lie down until the fever passes. The entire IPO market is in a classic blowout phase, and the smart thing to do is to get the hell out of the way.

ONCE IN A WHILE A MAN COMES ALONG WHO ISN'T ASHAMED TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

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My Favorite Thing

Everybody has one. (Some have more. Some have many. No one has none.)

We polled a sampling of writers and others to ask about theirs, the result of which follows. Charles Foster Kane was as rich as a god, but he was haunted to the end by Rosebud, of all things. So take good care of yours.

Giorgio Armani Charles M. Schulz
Susie Bright Tom Waits
John Guare Francis Ford Coppola
David Lee Roth West Hillis
Wayne Gretzky George Clooney
Elizabeth Berkley Martin Scorsese
Denis Johnson Bruce Springsteen
Eric Bogosian Ruth Reichl Nick Toschi
Gay Talese David Faustino Jay Leno
Madonna Pat Boone Sherry Sehnale
Barbara Kruger Meena Douglas
John Keegan Jesse James
Jake LaMotta Jay McInerney
John Travolta R. Emmett Tyrell Jr.
William T. Vollmann
Susan Moore Richard Tyler



GIORGIO ARMANI

The one thing in my wardrobe that I cannot do without also happens to be the antithesis of "fashion."

It's my navy-blue T-shirt.

Cotton, cashmere, or silk—I have many versions. Why this fabric?

As someone who thinks all day about how to dress people, I have decided, perhaps unconsciously, to create a uniform for myself that is above suspicion. Also, a T-shirt is easy and comfortable, and navy looks good on people with white hair.

The third reason is sometimes superstitions. During my first years, I used to wear a navy-blue sweater on the day of any fashion show. It brought me good luck—or at least I like to think so.

GAY TALESE Chariot of Fire

MY FAVORITE TOYCAR IS A SLIVER, WHITE, AGGRESSIVELY stylish 1997 Triumph (Tri-*y*) English sports car that has possessed me for nearly forty years, transporting me from the wayward lusher I was to the wistful patriarchal figure I have become.

Our journey together so far has covered four hundred thousand miles, none of which I would erase from the odometer, although I can sometimes see myself in a doddering octogenarian steering my rowdy, low-slung convertible through the twenty-first century with a wheel that symbolized access to the license plates, and yet the serene narrow curve of that car will always reflect the youthful spirit that has accompanied me on each and every bumpy ride over city potholes and country roads and dirt tracks and the locking wood-shaft of rolling oil tracks speeding beside me on the highway, with their tires spinning three feet above my head.

I bought my Tri-*y* in 1969—a year and a half after James Dean died in a sports car and a week after Spain's renowned driver, the Marquis de Ponsaga, lost control of his vehicle and killed ten spectators at the Mille Miglia motor race—and I remember my father asking at that time, after I had driven down to the Jersey shore to show him my purchase, "Why would you want to own such a thing?"

My father was a careful, conservative man who throughout my adolescence had bought only heavy-bodied Buicks, believing that there was safety in size, and, as a married man with two children and a growing business on Main Street, he was also aware that driving such manly sedans in a small town less public testimony to his overall sound judgment. Yet after my father had taken an avowed look at my Tri-*y* and then pored over for a ride, he sheepishly admitted that during his boyhood in the late 1930s he himself had owned a sports car (it was as if he were confessing to an extramarital affair with a showgirl, but he went on to say, "Once I took on the responsibility of marriage and fatherhood, those days were over.")

After his death three years ago at eighty-two, while I was leafing through a family scrapbook, I discovered hidden behind other photos a few snap shots of him smiling behind the windshield of his sports car. I can't discover

and, alas, one view of that car being lifted by a repair truck in front of a garage, with the driver's left hand flustered loose high like the flapping wing of a bird. My father had been in an accident.

WHEN I GOT MARRIED IN 1959, IT WAS A FOREGONE conclusion that my bride would have to honor and respect, if not always obey, the excruciating demands made upon most owners of Tri-*y*—namely, that you must ride with your left foot one foot above the ground, which gives you a feel of the road that sears through your nervous system, that the car's steering wheel is nearly as large as a hula hoop and is difficult to turn, and that this speedy, fast steering, forward-shaking machine is immoderately sensitive to incoming hiccups and air-windmills you when you shift it to reverse. But I must admit that my wife adjusted to the car faster than she adjusted to me, and her genius for finding parking spaces near our New York apartment during the years before we could afford a garage certainly enhanced our relationship.

In the thirty-seven years of our marriage, we have traveled countless cross-country miles together in that car, and I thought that we were going to die in it one February afternoon in 1986 as we suddenly spun out of control on an icy mountain road in North Carolina, on our way home to New York from Key West. As I sat helplessly behind the steering wheel, I turned toward my young wife. There was no panic in her eyes, no effort on her part to jump. She was quite calmly overlooking the roiling scenic valley below. Finally, the trees and low-lying clouds shuddered and without tipping over, became lodged in the rocks and woody bushes of the road's shoulder, one foot from the safeguarded edge of the cliff, and we were securely stuck there until help arrived before daylight. My wife completed the *New York Times* crossword puzzle.

When our daughters were born—the first in 1964, the second in 1967—they traveled in the back of the Tri-*y* with their nurse and two Stacatts cats, occupying space no larger than a piano bench. Within a few years, rather than nurse our children, I must say, our children's growth, my wife and I decided to purchase a spunky 1991 Triumph Stag that had a more

MY FAVORITE FAILED CHARACTER WAS BORN YEARS AGO, WHEN I TRIED TO CREATE A CAT CALLED FERON THAT WOULD RIVAL SHOOPY. I SOON DISCOVERED THAT I DIDN'T WANT A DOG-AND-CAT STRIP. ALSO, I LEARNED THAT I COULDN'T DRAW A CAT.
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

cross-country backbone. But the two of us still preferred driving the Tri-*y* because the newer Stag, conceivably possessed so many comforts and safety features—power steering, a roll bar, windshield wipers that sprayed water, even sun-belt seat-belt shock absorbers—that it lacked a true sports car's panache appeal. Thus, the Stag became our bespectacled "family car" and the Tri-*y* our "couple car." This continued for a decade until my wife, requiring additional trunk space to transport our daughters' bookshelves during their college years, succeeded to a station wagon.

The acquisition of this third vehicle, which to me represented all the glamour and panache of a U-Haul rental truck, certainly slowly weakened any wish away from her devotion to the sports cars, especially as they became less suitable with age. Twice, the Stag overheated and stalled while she was driving through the Lincoln Tunnel; once, the Tri-*y* refused to shift into reverse as she tried to back it out of a parking space. And because she began to place a higher value on her time with our marauding daughters and her own full-time career as book publishing than on auto mechanics, it gradually came to pass that I was given full custody of the sports cars, a responsibility that I have assumed with pleasure and pride.

Rarely do I take a ride—especially while driving my favored Tri-*y*—without hearing horns salute from surrounding motorists and seeing the waves of admiring pedestrians. Whenever I pause to park, be it in New York or at any weekend residence in New Jersey, where the cars are usually garaged, I am regularly approached by men who are middle-aged and older, and they greet me in a way that is sadly reminiscent of my father "Tee, koww," they say, "once, long ago, I owned a car like that."



SUSIE BRIGHT

1. Hearing the surf roar and the seals bitch half a mile away.
2. Playing your music so loud that the neighbors come over and bring some excellent pot.
3. Expert, Ballalaaloo-style naked dancing.
4. In the hot tub outdoors at night, pitch-black during a rainstorm, stretched out from one lip of the tub to the other so that one half of you is bubbly hot and your other side as played like a raindrop piano.
5. The peaceable kingdom, all your animals and children and the breast-feeding women together in the living room at the same time, watching a movie on TV.
6. Really sweet, soft skin.
7. Homemade spinach lasagna the day after.

Then I angrily rushed back into blame, demanding the identity of the driver Nobody recognized.

So I returned to the scene of the crime, reached into the trunk of my car for a heavy can-ion tea puke, one weighing close to twenty-five pounds, and without hesitation I began to smash the right-hand fender and headlights of that Lincoln, banging away again and again, not caring who saw or heard me. Vaguely I became aware of a ring surrounded by a few people standing by, as well as a ring wearing a hoodie who looked out of an apartment window but nobody said a thing, perhaps drinking. *Then I am after you again in this crazy city—so what does it mean?*

My hands and arms ached when I was done, and, after moving away from the demolished black fender and the pile

of glass at my feet, I climbed into my own car and drove home, faking shivers and some what comas.

I ended up my wife.

"I've done something terrible," I said. After I had explained the mess I'd get on Second Avenue, I added, "I'm afraid I really carried things too far this time."

She paused, looking up from her pillow. "Come to bed," she said. "You loved every minute of it."

TOM ROBBINS

The Spirit of the Letter

AS FRAGMENTED, THE LETTER Z IS NOTHING MORE THAN A phonetically symbolic glyph, a minor sign easily learned, readily assimilated, and occasionally deployed in the course of a literate life. To cynics, Z is just an S with a stick up its butt.

Well, not enough, any word worth repeating is greater than the sum of its parts, and the particular word just Z-angle, whereas Z is convoluted—can, from a certain perspective, appear as a word (although Z is far too sophisticated to throw up its arms like Y and act as if it had just been poked).

On those of us neither precise nor puffed, however, those whom the literati have chosen to monitor such things, Z has had an impact above and beyond its signifying function. A presence in its own right, it's the most distant and elusive of our twenty-six linguistic atoms, a mysterious, dark figure in an otherwise fairly innocuous lineup, and the sleekest little swimmer ever to ply a bowl of alphabet soup.

Scarcely a day of my life has gone by when I've not named the alphabetical sequence, yet every time I type or pen the letter Z I still feel a secret ripple, a tiny thrill. This is partially due to Z's relative rarity. My dictionary devotes six pages to A words, 18 pages to B but only 5 pages to words beginning with Z. Then there's Z's consonance, for though it's a component of the English language, it gives the impression of having rippled out of Africa or the ancient Near East of Nebuchadnezzar. Ultimately perhaps, what is most fascinating about Z is its dual projection of subtle innocence and aesthetic grace. Z's are not verbal snarl; they are born Stylish bees. Killer bees. They buzz, they sting.

Z is a whip crack of a letter, a striking viper of a letter, an open jackknifed rear ready to cut the cords of conversation or pop the peach of love.

A Z is a slick, quick (it's no accident that assassins call their fastest models Z cars), aware, energetic, and always faintly restless—although as very elegant separates from the herd. In the British Z does whatever unconsciously associated with all forms of contraband. If X wears a tie, Z is a Z, a Z, a Z, a Z. Z is Mike Hammer, Z is James Bond. (For reasons known only to the British, a Z would pronounce as "zame.") If X marks the spot, Z avoids the spot, bang too hard, too cosmopolitan, to remain in one place.



R. EMMETT TYRRELL JR.

A Love of the Classics

MY FAVORITE THING? AN, WELL, WE LIVE IN A TIME OF extraordinary order, so do not expect that blotted off from me. My favorite thing? Let me begin with blonds and Redheads. But first, a word about *agitation*. They are good for you! They quicken the thought process and arouse conversation.

Now, as with my contempt, I prefer blonds, particularly those with green eyes or pale blue—well, remember, the hair may darken and the curves may erode, but the eyes remain unchanged. Blonds embody my sole political principle: freedom. Who could be faster in America than a blond snapping down Park Avenue? Let the women of the flowered brow protest and snarl about the upturning of an occasional wheelie from the sidewalk or—oh, my God!—the dashing glare. But every full-blooded American blond knows better.

And then there is Berthel, the thrill of his firmness, the exquisite pomposity. The leaves declare, the strings arrive, the woodwinds delight and everywhere the folkswind groins slide through the static, heaving off the fire of an adolescent, problem child and the complacency of a noble maid, a troubled soul. I rarely hear a bar from Berthel without snoring a job. He looks at me out even more thoroughly than that blond on Park Avenue.

Cigs always have their agreed, particularly at the end of the day. To my mind, a cigarette is a mere walk of some union in a large and potent with the rampant spectrum of the Hordern or Nicaraguan leaf. The Cuban cigar's leaf remains opaque, but the workmanship has followed the Marxist-Leninist route into disrepute. A good cigar has over the decades been a requisite of status, and I attribute the decline of status and of politics in general to gaudy-gaudier persecution of the cigar and of the smoke-filled room.

Wells, too, qualify among my favorite things. There is something to be had in the unusual word, economy and aptitude are two of my favorites of late. But even the everyday word poses. Why the word so many politicians so frequently

In contrast to that prior, pure, self-absorbed supermodel, L or to G, the voluptuous, opulent, heightened ideal, even Z is a woman, she would be a former figure, the constant we love to fear and fear to love.

The celebrities of the alphabet are M and Z, the letters for whom famous names have been coined. Of course, V had no novel, but as I can assure you from personal experience, in today's culture a novel lacks a movie's style. It is not unusual to Z's my power that it is inevitably selected to come on line—and that despite the fact that the F word gets all the press!

Take a guess? You bet. I'll take Z. My favorite country, at least on paper, is Zairenia, my favorite body of water, the Zander Sea. Z's Top is my favorite band, synonymy my favorite branch of science (defining, as it does, with the firmament of the cosmos).

RICHARD TYLER

I WANT A COQUETTE. FROM childhood I thought when I first came to America in 1976, I saw it in a window somewhere in East L. A., and I just loved it. I had no money—I think I spent my last dollar on it—and it's the only thing I've had for such a long period. I take it everywhere. I remember once I was doing a show—I think it was my second show in New York—and I didn't have it with me, so I had someone fly out with it to the red-eye from L. A. It's just a little piece of wood—I mean, it falls apart and everything—but it's the one thing I've held on to.



DAVID LEE ROTH

I have never owned anything better than a dog, a bicycle, or a radio. My favorite radio was one of the original Sony single-speaker models with an earplug. In 1964, I listened to Mahatma Ali (then Cassius Clay) whip Sonny Liston for the world heavyweight title. In 1966, "Big Daddy" Tom Donahue moved to Pasadena and started the world's first "underground" radio station, KPCC 90.7, the working blueprint for every rock and alternative station today. In 1989, I remember listening to KRLA 1190 play "Green Daisies" as I walked to work one evening while America landed on the moon. In 1972, when I was in high school, I moved out of the house. I left the radio behind and never saw it again.

RUST HILLS

My Father's

Word Processor

THE LITERARY THOUGHT DISORGANIZED WORKMAN who went around burning fuses and destroying machines in the early nineteenth century, trying to hold back the Industrial Revolution, were reportedly named after a sentimental fellow called Ned Ludd, who thirty years earlier had gone around breaking up something called stocking frames. I don't have any idea what stocking frames are, but I hate them anyway, because, boy, do I ever identify with poor Ned Ludd. I myself seem to be so sentimental that I can't use a computer just watching one on screen complicated, not to speak of getting it on and ready to write something.

How I personally hold back the electronic revolution is with my father's typewriter, my favorite thing. It's an old Royal portable, circa 1930s. You never have to switch it on. It's always on and always all set and ready to go. I'm so fond of this typewriter that I even tried to draw its portrait for Valentine's Day [See page 70]. But pen and brush couldn't do justice to the fearful asymmetry of its complexity, to the pind beauty of its simulated tomahawk carving, or to the glint and gleam of its metal-wrapped keys.

But don't think this typewriter is some molybdenum museum piece. I use it for everything I write and have used it for years. The machine and I rejoice in the odd checks that come in for the things we've done together. It knows that I'd never use any of that money to upgrade to a more modern helpmate. It runs complacently in my (ludicrous) love.

As for beauty and utility: were not enough, the machine

by vintage companion, proper glasses?

Watches are keys to thoughts and to visions. The keys often tickle on the key chain. The wrist is occasionally digital, but compasses know it well. We sit in on a Shakespeare play, of course, for the drama and the intelligence but also for the music of the words—whether we recognize it or not.

Finally there is the gyro. I repair these not for the cosmic currents that is popular with the yuppie crowd but for sport, for handball. On a green day, one wants to know, "Can I bounce the ball around my opponent, or will he duck it just now?" Sport—that is one of my favorite things, which is why I like politics. It is a great game played in America by amateurs, but for money.

HAROLD ROBBINS

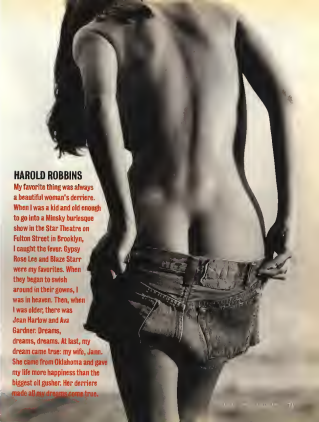
My favorite thing was always a beautiful woman's derriere.

When I was a kid and old enough to go into a Minsky burlesque show in the Star Theatre on Fulton Street in Brooklyn, I caught the fever. Gypsy Rose Lee and Blaze Starr were my favorites. When they began to swish around in their gowns, I was in heaven. Then, when I was older, there was Jean Harlow and Ava Gardner. Dreams, dreams, dreams. At last, my dream came true: my wife, Jane. She came from Oklahoma and gave my life more happiness than the biggest oil gusher. Her derriere made all my dreams come true.

WAYNE GRETZKY

When I was growing up in Brantford, Ontario, the game of hockey was huge. When I was younger, I had a chance to meet him, and it was more than I ever could have expected. He personifies the word hero to me.

THIS PAGE: GUYTON & BEVEL; OPPOSITE: LARRY SPERBER





grades sometimes as well. For decades, my father wrote me long, loving, newsworthy letters on it—when I was away on Liberty ships in World War II, then at college, then drifting around Europe for years. The typewriter itself is intimately familiar to me: It always made his letters instantly recognizable among any other envelopes over all these years.

(I never lost any of my writing, so a computer virus or a power surge. But I carefully make a copy anyway—using good old-fashioned carbon paper, of course.)

ELIZABETH WURTZEL My Working-Class Hero

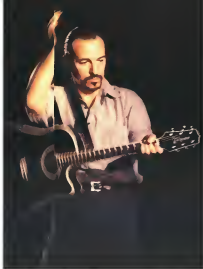
WHEN I WAS TWELVE, AND LIVING ALONE WITH MY MOTHER and her lower-middle-class income and upper-middle-class values on Manhattan's Upper West Side, and was depressed and suicidal and playing with razor blades the way other girls were tossing a ball, and girls, the only thing that comforted me was *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Huge, supermodelled copy headlines and *Darling in the Evening* on the tape deck, with all the sound concentrated directly into my ears like an intravenous drug, and somehow I wasn't so lonely. Going down to Philadelphia and Baltimore and even (gasp!) Boston, New Jersey to see Bruce in concert was an automatically occurring as-yet-long-distance lover and became as necessary as any other thing. I was that preteen-school girl, a punked-out urban kid with the lead of gutter who got only from brooding while lying on stag carpet, and how I was, just nuts for *Blue* outfit, suburban-New Jersey Bruce fansites. I would beg my mother to move or down to the coast, to work in an *Edie* *Book* or *Sea Bright* or even the *Airway* Park of such wondrous *Springsteen* obsession. I'd ask her if maybe she could get a job as a waitress in a diner or as a typist in a storefront insurance office, if we could be reunited and beleaguered and no longer part of the spring

bourgeoisie. I'd work her to do anything so that my unrequited, embarrassing white girl blues could be like the first and energy and rage that made Bruce run.

I wasn't even in the same league as the preppy money kids, the rich fuckups who listened to the Grateful Dead and Bob Marley and other music that was cheap at the same corporate stores that they did. Football boys tended to dismiss Bruce as soft music, the kind of thing they liked, etc., on Long Island. They thought that Bruce's songs were actually about driving in cars with girls. They also thought that Moby Dick was just a big, dumb book about a whale. And *Easy Rider* was about motorcycles. For me, "Broken Cam" a song that I listened to obsessively while crying profusely captured the essence of depression with perhaps even more precision than all of Sylvia Plath's poems combined. "The driving a sudden out on a path-black night / And I'm telling myself I'm gonna be all right / But I ride by night / And I travel in fear / That in this darkness I will disappear." That's how it was—I'd listen to Bruce, and if I sat there calm and quiet long enough, I'd stop feeling anything. Maestros on Newark, soon lost on a trail of Love, no great workers on the scene. Ghost of Tom Joad—they are all just fighting against the way they seem to be slipping away. It's emotional, not automatic.

And even now that I'm twenty-eight and Bruce lives in the mansion on the hill (a few of them, actually) and gets his hair cut at John Salvo, just like a superstar, my eyes for him have grown only stronger and wilder. I've gotta love a guy who left his bouncing, blond actress-model wife for a backup singer from Jersey with a burpy nose—a move that can be equated with leaving his secretary for his wife. Even today, on the measly download and bulkload of *The Ghost of Tom Joad*, Bruce pulls off the difficult feat of singing about how the same system that exploits Mexican migrant workers in California is also laying off no-longer-needed coal miners in Ohio. Bruce is a rare thing in this day and age: a man able to be politically correct without seeming like a wimp. He ought to run for president.

It's hard to believe that as crazy like Jon Mitchell, Neil Young, and Bob Dylan have gotten hysterical credibility from alternative types (the Nirvana set, Spin subscribers), Bruce is still viewed, in some places, as a New Jersey sap, a guy for the silver-haired-guns crowd, for people with big hair and no cool. I think the last reason Bruce



turns people off has more to do with his scars, as signs of suffering with the kind of anger and alienation and anger that could make him Cuban look like Mr. Rogers (if you don't believe me, listen to *Darling Again*) to reach one to an audience, to always try to say something. He dares to be heroic and write about what really matters to him, and by extension, what really touches other people, in complete defiance of the fake-of attitude that drives rock today.

Bruce is the end of the line, the last rock singer who is likely to make music that feels significant. Particularly in recent years, as alternative rock has become shrunken and delicately positioned, it's clear that someone like Springsteen, who, after all is said and done, really is all heart, all blood and guts—ought to be cherished. He's all we've got left. There will be no *Apocalypse Now* or *Nabucco* in our future. There won't be American writers producing north

that dare to go for *Pythos* in *Proton*. And nobody is likely to give the world another *Blonde* or *Blonde* or *Leah*, or another *Blue* or, for that matter, another *Sam* or *Sam*. We'd laugh at anyone foolishly enough to try, to go for that kind of success, to produce something that answers and answers with effort and inner sweat. Everything has gotten trivial and small and ironic and cynical, and that's that. Here we are now, eternally.

I don't know how it is that Bruce has managed to rise above this—perhaps just by being so talented—but I find it amazing. Every time I've watched him go onstage, I've almost turned in huffed away that one human being can know that he is a force of good, a presence of thoughtfulness. When he goes, I'm going, too.

MARTIN SCORSESE My Favorite Coppola Movie

THERE ARE CERTAIN FILMS IN THE HISTORY OF CINEMA that seem to capture the collective imagination worldwide. They become milestone reference points for all other works before and after. These visions rely on material itself as well as on the epic scale of their subject matter. *The Godfather*, says, in its three parts, is one of these creations—a monumental work that has haunted me for years. Contrasted like a symphony and directed by a master as a great conductor directs his orchestra, it studies its highest points of lyricism. For me, in *The Godfather Part II*—my favorite of Francis Ford Coppola's pictures.

I admire the ambition of the project, its Shakespearean breadth, its tragic nobility in its portrayal of the destruction of the American dream. I admire its use of parallel editing to accommodate the paradoxes of the historical analysis, Godard. With its dark-based philosophy, the screen's performance, the accuracy of its period reconstruction. It is particularly the film within the film, the story of young Vito Corleone and his journey from Sicily to the Lower East Side, that touched me in a deep, personal way.

Perhaps I saw a bit of my grandparents in that journey. Perhaps I recognized my old neighborhood, perhaps I shared the sadness of the dream turning into a nightmare, of the spectacle of the dream pursued blindly and trying to survive to even destruction from within. Perhaps all this and more—the myth, the icons, the music, the music choice—were touched on in some chord within me.

In use of language is extraordinary. *Schindler's List* became more than a screen code for its time; it is an unbroken code connected to an ancient society that carries its ancient rules into the New World. By defining us and then, we guard against our survival.

This is why I find Frank Ponzio—the character played by Michael V. Gazzo—as special in *The Godfather Part II*. The way he carries himself, his own language, reveals someone someone, someone who knows the Old World and is fully aware of how it has changed. No one knows how to play the townsmen anymore, he explains. His brother's more presence at the congressional hearings is enough to have him react as a government witness. It is the Old World, with its old, unmovable values, that has suddenly disappeared to remain him of an obsolete code of honor.

In *The Godfather Part II*, we also witness a different world from the old, crowded neighborhood. Michael Corleone rules

Whiskers on Kittens

SUSANNA MOORE

his region from his formidable Lake Tahoe estate. He deals with Bambi's Celine and Las Vegas. He's traveled a long way. His accumulation of wealth and power has cost him all human ties: wife, children, brother, associates. In fact, he has lost his family, his main reason for accumulating wealth and power to begin with. Unlike the gangsters of the Hollywood movies of the thirties, he doesn't die but lives on—which seems to be an even greater punishment.

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA My Favorite Scorsese Film

I HAVE SEVERAL FAVORITE MARTIN SCORSESE films, actually—I love *Moon Struck*, *The King of Comedy*, *Who's That Knocking at My Door?*—but *Raging Bull* stands as his towering achievement. I think it's in this film that he orchestrates all the elements—the concepts, the acting, the images, the style—into something that tells a particular story (of Jake LaMotta) and then goes beyond that. Ultimately, the purpose of art is to illuminate our times and the things that are

MADONNA
My Favorite Beate
was John
Lennon,
because
he reminds
me of my
favorite
uncle.



important to us, and *Raging Bull* does it, seemingly effortlessly, as few films ever manage, much less do. *La Bête Humaine* and *Raging Bull* have those kinds of proportions, and so does *Raging Bull*. Every performance in it is great because of Marty's use of improvisation within a dramatic structure, whereby on the one hand he lets the actors feel the freedom of life, so they can say what they want, but on the other he controls them so that everything they say and do contributes to the overall film. It has spectacular visuals, wonderful use of music and rhythm, beautiful editing, and then those huge, universal human themes. All of us who make films in this country are trying to figure out how to even with the tools that make it possible to be a viable director while still addressing personal feelings in our work. Being a director is kind of like being Chinese, the worst. Part of his art is in the wrangled building, but another part is in all he had to go through so bring it off. Even after *Raging Bull*, nobody was telling Marty, "Hey, here's the money to make whatever movie you're passionate about." If he had been born to a family that had gone rotten lying around, he might make a film at this level every year.

BARBARA KRUGER Rooms with a View



My Favorite TV Show



Griff Marston

The show that I get the most pleasure out of is *Mystery Science Theater 3000* on Com. I've loved it since I was a kid and it's still going strong a little bit gone a long way. I never get tired of *Amos 'n' Andy*. But I was disappointed when the daughter got on weight in the last season. I really like *Melrose Place*. It's on a level of bedlam that everyone is enjoying, and I've loved *Becker* look like since she was on *Seinfeld*.

I watch all the shows that are aimed at people like me. *MTV*, *Blue*, *Dr. Brown*, *the Larry Sanders Show*.

I watch as little news as possible. The *Capital Gang* with Robert Munk on CNN is one of the most dispiriting things I've ever seen.

Steve Schatz

The *Weather Channel* and *Lost & Found* are my favorite things on television. I watch without fail. *Lost & Found* is a wonderful

source of the complete absurdity of the real world, and we all keep a vigilant watch on John's haircuts and Clark's face. In fact, if Clark were on the *Weather Channel*, that would be a perfect combination.

John Geare

I watch the news. CNN and ABC and others. I've already covered it several times. The *Star Trek* show is new. All in the family, or *MTV*.

Susan Santag

Since I don't own, never have owned, a television set, all my favorite programs are imaginary ones.

Stanley Fish

My favorite television show is the old classic *Classic*. The *Popcorn*, about a man who is sexually convicted of the murder of his wife, is pursued by the police, and is himself in pursuit of a man-eating man he sees. Seeing from the scene. I like the *Popcorn* because it is relevant to the function of character rather than to issues that are brought in only to serve as an

excuse for the making of weak choices. This is the opposite of what passes for TV here today, mostly thinly dramatized versions of *Highland*, in which first one, then another extreme position on abortion or school prayer or affirmative action or multiculturalism is elaborated until it is too and we throw up our hands and like Ted Koppel, but complicated not to come to a conclusion, overwhelmed (the

is really the point) by the "complexity" of it all.

Stephen Grambard

I watch the *Weather Channel* because they know what they're talking about. They're not chosen for their politeness. And they really do give information. I watch it at least an hour every day. I'm never bored by the weather. Even the advertising seems to be less painful.

Dream

House



ERIC BOGOSIAN

Lobo, My Superhero

WHEN I WAS A KID, I GOT beaten up a lot. So when I go looking for a superhero, I don't really care if he can fly, see through walls, or shoot flames out his ass. I just want one who can fight. And never, ever lose. One with a wicked sense of humor. Lobo is my man. Or, I should say, Lobo is my Superman, since Lobo isn't really his man. Sporting red eyes, a long, power-muscle, hairy, vengeful, and a big clump of never-washed hair, he's got unbreakable pounds of yellow-coated badness. Nothing hurts him. His hand gun blows off, it grows back. His head gun blows off, it grows back. The weapon of choice is a "gutting hook" on a chain, but he's happy to discharge the old "Knappa" an infra-red beam blaster" or, if pushed, the old nuclear device.

He's got a big vulgar. He breathes big fat ugly cigars and sucks down beer by the case. Chases any female alien who dares look him in his bloodshot eyes. And a conscience implanted in his brain (he did the surgery himself) plays the same mean through metal song commercially. "I killed my parents, no accident."

Lobo is a heavy butter pat excellence. He sleeps gets his man, no matter how much honey is involved, in the process. A number of planets have been vaporized while my main man was doing his duty. Rising from star system to star system on some kind of modified outer-space Harley, Lobo crunches asteroids, and perforates all who make the mistake of taking him on. A typical episode has

Lobo tracking down some intergalactic fiend, exterminating him, and returning with the odd bone fragment or scalp chunk to clean his "million credit" hoary.

There's only one Lobo. That's because he killed everyone on his planet when he was a kid (he released a scorpioid bug that ravaged the crime population of the billion with a painful, hideous, and slow killing disease). His friend of no one, and he's an asshole. A true hero for the masses. Lobo brings new meaning to the phrase "he who laughs last."

WILLIAM T. VOLLMAHN

Edgy Pleasures

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT CHARACTER of the lovely neo-noir-thriller *Indiana Jagers* I collect is their blunt edges. Their purpose, in short, is to symbolize the power and authority of weapons, much like an officer's pool or even a policeman's uniform. They are inhuman, like a crucifix or a Platonic form. Evidently beauty was an absolute requirement in their making, since any such dagger was metonymic with the official function of a marshal, whose life had to symbolize perfection to the rest of society. What purpose now? The marshals are impoverished, and even such distant cousins of their daggers as bayonets are infrequently used. For acts of war, we have our bombs, flying machines, crawling machines, swimming machines for acts of legislation, the machine and the gun, for acts of atrocity, against the gun. Thus, these daggers are slowly removed from sharpness. It is emblematic that the little store in *Indiana* that sold them (fabricated well with coconut oil, wrapped in bundles of old newspaper) was equally forward in displaying jostled overhills made up of many small pieces more complex than bones. That made the daggers seem even more beautifully andro, metonymic still of the marshals but only the marshals (for example, Susan Madeline Smith, who was reputedly seven feet tall and four feet wide. In Japan, I saw her mother's eighteen-

pound dress. "That must have been heavy," I said. The guide smiled. "The Indian women don't find the weight when it's not gold," he said. The real gold of these daggers is, of course, their craftsmanship. The longer I handle the smooth, yellow ivory of that crowd's head or peer into the checkered gape of that flower-shaped tiger the more I perceive that and the more beautiful the piece becomes. I have seen the marshals' sun emblems. It was composed of marshals raying outward from sacrificial. Surely these marshals were never fired. How blasphemous it would have been to scratch off a ray from the sun? I went to another police, whose wooden gates were forty feet high. I saw the high windows where the marshals used to welcome her husband with rose flowers. I passed through gun-bordered reading arches like the leaves of archbishops. Now the Hall of Glory. The ceiling was studded with stained glass in my complex pieces to discover a million reflected flames of a single inside. Marshals denied me in the perforated marble screens. But the guide said, "Before, the marshals had elephants. Now, not a single one." No utility anywhere. Consider the so-called tiger heads, which is shaped like the letter A with two horizontal.

The hand grips are of them. The legs of the A curve inward into parallel to make the wrist and lock in. The tiger corners, the points of the A, stab, here, he falls dead. Functional, no doubt, but many of these tiger corner-old ones gilded, dumsessed, towed-striped like tigers—are for sale. A good one goes for \$1000 (just, of course, if you bargain, cash in hand). A marshals had placed it on a conignment. The marshals sell things inconspicuously. I heard the marshals are ashamed. Sometimes, to decrease the likelihood that the known will be recognized as theirs, they sell to distant provinces, even though there's less money that way. That is how it must be. Recently, an art connoisseur came to buy Mogul miniatures. He asked a marshals if anything was for sale. The marshals said no, but if the man was serious, he knew another noble who might sell. It had to be understood, however, that the connoisseur would never meet him or learn his name. What is a tiger knife without its marshals? And indeed, the master is worse, much worse, for in *Indiana* I saw towers and incense burners upon the desert hills. Remains used to watch their for them, but that was when there were still forests. The trees are all burned now. What use, then, a tiger knife? No matter whether any blade is sharp.

RUTH REICHL

Life without butter wouldn't be worth living. I prefer unsalted butter (you can always put salt on afterward), but it has to be sweet and cold and with the highest possible fat content. I hate this thing of putting olive oil on the table for your bread. Butter makes almost everything taste better, especially peanut-butter sandwiches.

ILLEANA DOUGLAS

The Lover as Loser

THERE ARE MANY ACTORS I LOVE, BUT JOSEPH COTTON AND JAY FAVINER. Who are the rising romances here? And why did he never get the girl?

I first saw *The Third Man* as a teenager. Joseph Cotton's doomed romantic portrait of Holly Martins made a lasting impression on me. In the scene in which he says goodbye to Alda Valli, his superior is a heartworn poem. He's moving and romantic; the drunken folk who have brought her flowers in the middle of the night to show how much he loves her. He even laughs at his own sentimentality knowing he never had a chance. That was no Humphrey Bogart tough guy. Joseph Cotton wore his heart on his sleeve and got a broken every time.

"You could at least get my name right," he says to her. I felt so bad for her. I wanted to be a character in the train station, who pulled up the pieces after they rejected him. I wanted to hold him and kiss him and tell him how special he was. I understood him. I loved him. But why didn't she?

Joseph Cotton, with his velvety marmalade voice and shakedown look, was sexy as hell. So why were some of his best performances those in which he was being rejected by cold-hearted females?

In *Magnum*, he sits in a darkened room, listening while outside, Marilyn Monroe sings the song that reminds her of her lover. In *Dial in the Sun*, he realizes that Jennifer Jones must choose his evil brother over him. In *Reynolds and Ray* as



Bette Davis describes her hell-on-earth life, he is even the recipient of her famous "What a dump!" line.

His pain in these scenes is not for himself but for the woman he loves and just can't seem to help. He was tickle. His pain had a kind of mental dignity because he was too much of a gentleman to let the women know how much she had hurt him. That sadness is what makes him so appealing to me.

If I could see one scene before I die, it would be Uncle Charlie's widow speak in *Shadow of a Doubt*. I studied it as I prepared to direct my last short. I wanted the actor I was

working with to watch his performance. Cotten is shot entirely in profile as the camera moves in. It's the concrete transformation of every girl's nightmare. The man you worship and adore is a killer. Blessed Uncle Charlie is gone as he looks right into the camera and asks his aunt, "Are they? Are they human?"

In this chilling and sad moment, he asks forgiveness for failing her.

He was a movie star who had a genuine and rare vulnerability. Maybe he's my favorite because that's not appreciated enough.

NICK TOSCHES

Time Traveler

I'VE GOT THIS PIECE OF GOLD, HEART METAL. IT'S BRONZE, but it looks and feels like stone, dark, southern heavy, with a rich patina, deep, mossy green and azure. It's about two and a half inches across and weighs about half a pound. It fits comfortably in my palm but is too big to enclose in my fist.

It's one of the first, primitive Roman coins, an *aureus*, cast about 50 A.D., between the Punic wars. Its raised obverse bears the double-faced head of Janus, the god of gods, who looks both to the past—the western land, the realm of the dead—and to the future, the eastern dawn. His gaze, beneath the patina, is still strong. On the reverse is a ship's prow, facing forward. Twelve hundred years ago and more, this piece of bronze could buy a barrel of wine. Ten thousand of them could buy freedom for a slave.

Some a first gold coin is almost as old. It's exceedingly beautiful, exceedingly rare, exceedingly valuable. But it's nothing in the hand, and the gold bears no patina, no glow of the millennium and more through which it has passed.

And that, to me, is what it's all about: the patina, the perspective of time. For me, this thing isn't so much a coin as a palpable emanation, embodiment and evocation, symbol and sacrament, of something inexpressible. The look of it, the heft and feel of it, are the look, heft, and feel of a shard of the eternal captured somehow, magically, in the malleability of very mortality. I think of the countless unknown hands that held it in days of different gods. It's from

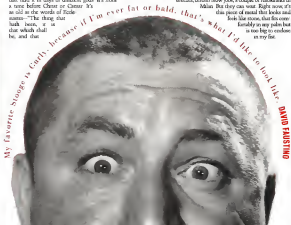
a time before Christ or Caesar. It's as old as the words of Ecclesiastes—"The thing that hath been, is as that which shall be, and that



which is done is that which shall be done and there is no new thing under the sun"—words that this half pound of bronze so silently and eloquently expresses as well. And what's more, beyond that eloquence, worded right, it can break a skull.

It sets me straight, this coin, when I look at it or think of it or hold it, and it means something, and it makes me feel good. So, sure, there's something in that broken brother. There's nothing in that or in looking to "Sea of Love." There are certain lessons, certain blow jobs, a couple of ruminations in

Adrian. But they can wait. Right now, it's this piece of metal that looks and feels like stone, that fits comfortably in my palm but is too big to enclose in my fist.



JAY LENO

My favorite joke is one Shucky Greene used to tell in Vegas. "You know," he'd say, "people talk about what a mean guy Frank Sinatra is. But Frank Sinatra saved my life! One night, after the show, I go out to the parking lot, and three guys jump me and start beating the crap out of me. I'm down on the pavement, practically unconscious. Then Frank walks over, waves off the guys, and says, 'Okay—he's had enough!'"

PAT BOONE

Best Seat in the House

ONE OF MY FAVORITE THINGS IS THE PORCH SVING AT my home in Nashville, where I lived and grew up from 1949 to 1955. I was six years old when Mama and Daddy bought ten acres in Nashville, complete with the house in which they still live, for \$5,000. That rustic swing is embedded in so many of my precious memories, both in childhood and even today. My kids played on it for years, our family ate breakfast on it every morning while sitting on that swing and the adjacent rocking chairs, and I remember stealing favorite hot macaroni-kissed from Shirley while we were in high school, when we could get that swing to ourselves.

When I would come home a little after curfew, I would always find Mama or Daddy sitting on that swing, waiting for me to appear. I always had olive and cookies for my late-night snack, and they seemed to disappear into macaroni-kissed as I showed them with my parents on that swing.

I'm still able to connect with my own mama and daddy on that porch swing. I'll had one hour left to live, I'd want to spend it on that magical seat.



DENIS JOHNSON

King David's Blues

I FIRST LOVED THE PHRASES IN THE KING JAMES BIBLE FOR their unexpected rock 'n' roll and read them more for their language than their message, read them with more ear than heart, let's say. They speak words I might hear today in night even use myself just a minute from now—words like *sons* and *fat* and *house*. In fact, they have a blissy swing and sometimes a drive and thump I would have thought only somebody like the early Elvis or Bo Diddley could deliver.

Then there was something else that made King David sound like Elvis: an emotional malcontent. David's Psalm 137 charmed me with their author's willingness to dwell on his enemies and even to beg his God to cripple them. David—the same David who, as a shepherd, slew Goliath and later, in long, enraged for the murder of one of his generals and killed the general's wife—wasn't sentimental and glibly and suddenly happy to reveal parts of himself most people visit only secretly. As the poet Galway Kinnell says, poetry is "written in the voice in which prayers are spoken."

But I began to understand that David wasn't so grandiose. He was the king of the chosen people, after all, and his enemies were everybody's enemies. As David understood, the world, humanity's future turned on his fate. And to hear the king's anathemas ring, and benefits, at soldier times unaccompanied with faith, or swing, or dash from one state to the other in the space of a few seconds, as he does as the Sixth Psalm, begins to seem a privilege. Now we are one of the world's perpetrators of power being a monster from our own lives. He has collapsed to his knees in his bedroom, his crown has tumbled off and rolled out of reach, he has torn open his shirt, he cries all down—"I am weary with my grunting all the night make I my bed to wail, I wear my couch with my tears." Is a song called "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" Bob Dylan put it

this way: "Down the president of the United States / Sometimes must have to stand naked."

It's the moment of unraveling we hope not to feel or even to witness, but too often we feel it, and at the moment of art we can learn to see it illustrated. We can see it in the clasped hands and twisted face of Mary Magdalene in the German painter Matthias Grunewald's *Crucifixion* and in Arnold Böcklin's *Dead Christ with the Magdalene* as she covers her eyes with her hand and splay the fingers of the other, her head convulsing backward and her mouth opening on a word that we all have inside us but that can't be said. We can hear it in James Joyce's voice in "Pace My Heart" and in Eric Clapton's guitar in "Sonny Meets His Sister" in some obscure London club in the early 1960s when he played for John Mayall's blues band. He took it on his side to the applause of three or four drunken people.

Above all, we can see it portrayed by the French actor Patrick Dewaere, ravaged by drugs, hollow-eyed, scarcely recognizable, in *See Now*. In this final movie of his last career, Dewaere plays a door-to-door salesman whose cheap advertising crystallizes into murder when he falls for a young woman who has hardly two words for him but in whose dim-witted, empty eyes he compares the goodness of his position. It's hard to tell where the actor steps and the role begins when you watch this figure, scragged by despair and paranoia, alone in his ready car, taking his hands from the wheel to hold his head together one more second and screaming his berneat demands and demands. I really don't think Dewaere was acting. I think he was falling apart in front of the camera, broken down by his own genius but still driving the car. It's astonishing to think that the king of Israel sometimes felt just like that guy. The petty butcher of *See Now* ends up a murderer, and King David murdered, too, for last. But Patrick Dewaere died of drugs, while David died a king, and into the House of David Jesus himself was born. And there's really no explanation for the difference in their fates except that men are naked and God is incredibly strange. And doesn't the Bible tell us so?

JOHN KEEGAN

The Tailored Man

I LIKE TAILORS NOW, THE HOME OF THE MANDARIN SUITE that I like it for an odd reason. I like it for the music, of course, music that in my late middle age, my children's narrow mind, I am at last able to afford. If it were just the music, however, I am not sure that the funny little street would can over me the spell that it does. It is certainly no match to look at, just a row of tailored shops sandwiched into a corner between Piccadilly and Regent Street. The buildings are not old—quite the contrary. The Bow was once the studios and news coverage of the grander eighteenth-century houses in the streets adjoining. They were knocked down in the early twentieth century. What stand now are dull replacements of the period, scarcely worth a tourist's glance.

I like *Seville Row* precisely because it is a blemish, and not a physical but an emotional one, a place where I can still find the things I have worn all my life and now find nowhere else.

I wear exactly the same clothes I did when I first went into long trousers more than thirty years ago. The bastards in me note if there has ever been a generation in danger to the



JENNA JAMESON

Recipe for garlic mashed potatoes:

- 8 medium potatoes, quartered
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/2 cup whole milk
- 1/2 cup butter (the real thing)

Boil cut potatoes with the skin on until tender. Drain, mound garlic with two tablespoons butter for two minutes. Add milk, browned garlic, and remaining butter to drained potatoes. Mash by hand until texture is slightly lumpy. Salt and pepper to taste.

That's all I usually do this by memory.

fashion of the past as tenaciously as mine does. The French Revolution lifted long breeches. World War I lifted the frack coat. The gay breeches and covered jackets I wear every day scarcely differ from those I see my father wearing in photographs of family holidays in which I am a babe in arms. That gives the outfit a life of many years, but it is older than that. Civilized culture photos of the dress who taught me those terms sensibly dressed in the 1920s. I am beginning to feel uncomfortable.

But I also feel comfortable. I like worn jackets and gray flannel trousers. I like all the clothes I grew up wearing: cable-knit dark suits, wooden shoes, cotton socks, pretty patterned silk ties, pajamas with cords and buttons, long drawing gowns, Wincey pajamas. They were the clothes that were on my prep-school bus—most of them, at any

JAKE LAMOTTA

As far as I'm concerned, Super Ray Belamine was his greatest scoring partner who ever lived. He fought more than five hundred fights, and he was the middleweight championly five times. That was when there were only eight champions; today, you've got hundreds of them. Of the six fights Ray and I fought, I won only one. I won the first one by heart kick, but two of the losses could have gone my way. You don't fight six fights unless they're close. It is a legend that I got married about five-

teen years ago in Las Vegas in my last suit, number six—we're divorced now, so I'm looking for busy number seven—and he was best man at our wedding. This was just before he died. The news was all over the world about the wedding—the man who fought six times must be married who kills each other but that's just not true. We never pulled around or anything like that, but when we fought, it was strictly business, not personal. Nobody wanted to fight him and nobody wanted to fight me, so we ended up fighting each other. I lost my title to Super Ray Belamine in 1931 on Saint

Paterson's Day. They called it the Saint for another guy because, there's a good joke: The referee stopped the fight in the thirteenth round with Belamine punching me as calmly as the pope. If the ref had held out another thirty seconds, Belamine would have collapsed from hitting me. The truth of the matter is that I was so weak that I was slipping heavily all day before the fight. I should have been doing that when I was in the corner of the ring, I lost the fight, but I was the happiest guy in Chicago Stadium—that fight's name was the biggest money I ever made in the ring.

into a line that had to be bought at the school cafeteria, a vaunted department store in London called Goring's. Most outerwear was made of West of England gray flannel, but there were also gray flannel shirts and knit gray pullovers, including a delicious version called a digover.

After I went into long trousers, my father took me to his tailor—not quite in Savile Row but around the corner—for my first grown-up suit. The real influence on my clothes, however, was my mother. As the wife and daughter of two men who took trouble with their appearance, she had strict views about what men could and could not wear. As the approach of winter, coats and suits were cold by American standards, mine should go into long woolen socks. Their sea-tanned cotton underwear was also swapped for cellular wool. Winter overcoats also came out of the wardrobe, a loose tweed one for everyday but dark blue for going to London. Tweed overcoats might be ready-made, but my mother insisted that my first dark blue overcoat come from my father's tailor.

Then there were the shirts. I remember getting my first evening dress shirt, which had to be in a material called poplin, with a waffle surface. Then, my mother thought, were down-market. They also had to be made of a certain material, because made belonged with stiff shirts only. As a schoolboy, living on parental cash, I wore stiff shirts with my suspenders, also a can't. I knew I looked out of date because the upper was one of those crossover periods in fashion, when the old had not been definitively supplanted by the new. My first soft evening shirt came with entry to university and self-indulgence. I considered stiff shirts to my interest, also a can't.

Suits required striped cotton shirts with double cuffs. My mother was unbending about that. Otherwise, one wore white or pale-blue shirts in a fine material called poplin. I wish some had survived. They had mother-of-pearl buttons and went on in a style that had returned to fashion today. My daughters took them out at charity shops. They also wore the striped shirts my mother required, though without the loose collars attached by back and front studs. What have disappeared almost altogether are winter shirts. Made in a lovely, soft wool-and-cotton

material—the best were by a firm called Vyleite—they came in a variety of elegant patterns and beautiful checks and were a pleasure to touch.

I have a few Vyleite shirts still but scarcely wear them for fear of never finding replacements. One will certainly not find them far from Savile Row. But then, one will not find many of the clothes I have worn all my life anywhere else. Born twenty years ago, every provincial town in England, and the larger villages, too, had a particular sort of shop called a gentlemen's outfitter. They were of an unvarying pattern. The point of sale was a glass-topped counter behind a mood of a hand-and-voice man, rather in the first flush of youth. Under the counter, drawers were tugged, containing long and short woolen socks, folded ties, cotton handkerchiefs. Around the walls stood open wooden shelving, filled with winter and summer shirts arranged by collar size. At the back, wooden doors gave onto two or three firing cabinets, where the outfitter's tailored or ready-made clothes would be tried on. There were always racks of gray flannel trousers and round jackets, as well as piles of folded pullovers, sweaters, woolen scarves. Everything was sold shakily, whatever for money and in winter of material, from the wooden boards under one's feet to the weather-beaten compliances of the drawers coming in for a new supply of what they had bought last year and ten years before that.

They have all gone now. The outfitters in my village closed down eight years ago, the two in the local market town within the last five years. One is a local government office, the other sells mass-produced things in artificial fiber. The glass-topped counters and mahogany firing room doors have been stripped out. Polyester suits hang on plastic hangers, polyester ties dangle on plastic racks. There are no winter or summer shirts, only all-season materials in polyester-fiber knits. The old proprietor looks shocked. "There's no call," he says. "People don't wear pure sort of clothes any longer. A jacket here, trousers there, make up a suit from different parts. They don't want tailor-made."

I do. I wear tailor-made suits. I also wear cotton shirts, and woolen ones if I can find them, and long and



short woolen socks, and tweed suits, even if my wife hates them and my current number will see me out, and pupae covering shirts, and large cotton handkerchiefs, and seven pairs, and above all I want gray flannel trousers with room in the seat and a waist that curves somewhere near where I believe my waist still is.

The odd thing is that many of these things on which my life, or at least my comfort, depends I can find in the United States. One of the pleasures of being a visiting professor at Princeton ten years ago was that Nassau Street was—those still in—lined with gentlemen's outfitters, small shops kept by proprietors of grave appearance and serious dedication to the tape measure. "I like to think," one of these used to say, "that mine has always been a three-button suit." The three-button contractor jacket he sold me remains in excellent form. New York still abounds in gentlemen's outfitters, and Washington, D.C., and Cambridge, Massachusetts. Like many Englishmen of my age, I look forward to an American trip as an opportunity to stock up on custom Oxford shirts, khaki drill trousers, and those essential light-gray flannel, held up by a webbing belt, that were never available at home even in my youth. I have to buy them regularly because they equally regularly disappear when my next departure takes a weekend at home. They know a good thing when they find one.

JAY MCINERNEY Drinks in the Delta

A JUNE JUNKY? I MEAN A REAL JUNE JUNKY—ORIGIALLY appear to be the kind of place where you are likely to be killed by a knife. It will in fact probably turn out to be a remarkably hospitable venue dedicated to drinking and dancing, where you will be tolerated even if you are a strange white boy come to hear the blues—especially if you're willing to buy a few rounds. A real place should be in Mississippi, preferably the first, dusty Mississippi Delta—Delta the home of the blues. It will usually have many Christmas decorations and beer signs for access, about 20 will serve Budweiser, Schlitz, and Pilsener. If you are putting on the dog and you ask for it discreetly, you should be able to get a half-pint of Scaggin's gin to post one your Coke. And despite the name, it should have few blues at least once in a while. A real Delta juke will be open only on the weekend—most of the customers and the musicians work in the fields during the week. Sunday night is a big night. Mondays in the Delta are heavily discounted for hangers-on.

I started going to juke joints almost twenty years ago, when I made my first pilgrimage to Mississippi. Some are hidden away on backcountry roads, but most claim you just drive

into town—most Delta towns can be thoroughly reconnoitered in thirty or forty seconds—and look for the action. You know you've found a good one if, when you ask people all you would be crazy to talk to. I've got to get into a real fight in a jolt, just, and I have sensation only one. But that there haven't been even and even ugly accidents. But, hey, this is the blues. If I want to feel safe all the time, I'll move to Sweden.

My favorite joke joint, in fact, is the place where I most nearly ran into trouble, a place called Red's in Clarksville, Mississippi. Clarksville is the birthplace of John Lee Hooker, Sam Cooke, and Ike Turner, among others, and Red's seems to have been there nearly this long. When I first stumbled in one night—the only whose face is against very intoxicated old gay challenged me, poking his finger in my chest and saying, "What are you doing here, white?" But his friends restrained him and later sent me a beer.

For a joke, Red's is big, which is to say it has more than three tables and an actual dance floor. There always have been enough of these establishments to have avoided dancing myself, but I like to watch. I've caught several drunken hands there and met some fine drinking companions, including a bass player who told me meekly that he used to be a churchgoing man. "I used to play spirituals," he said after I bought him a beer, "but I had to quit. You can't play the blues on Sunday nights and go to church Sunday and sing God's music. The preacher, he say to me, 'I know what you was doing last night, and it ain't right. You got to do one or t'other.' So now I put play those nasty old blues." God knows, it's not the kind of talk you hear in downtown Manhattan—or anywhere else in the world.

JOHN TRAVOLTA

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FOR AS LONG AS I CAN remember, aviation has given me a heightened sense of adventure, hope, and the future. And from their design to their abilities, aircraft have never failed to put me in a unique state of mind. From my backyard in New Jersey, I watched propeller-driven DC-3s and 73s and Lockheed Constellations give

THOMAS PYNCHON sits down with the boys in



At rest and in action: Bill Fergeson, Bob Youngberg, Tom Pynchon, and (center) John Fergeson.

the band

Lunch with Lotion

although I've gone to hear Lotion live and listened to them at length on CD, I'll refrain from any musical remarks, which would mean bringing up artists far earlier than even R.E.M. and Hüsker Dü—the bands that Lotion gets compared to in print a lot, though the music has also been termed “warm rock” and “Burt Bacharach with distortion pedals.” In general, reviews by working rock critics, including a *New Faces* piece in *Rolling Stone*, have been upbeat.

Along with the dangerous poetry and good tunes, what I appreciate this band for is its contradictions, which indeed happen to be those of rock ‘n’ roll at large—ambition and feeling, passion and disinterestedness, imagination and respect for pop as all its elegance and power. I’m intrigued by the mystery of how this band—any band—can carry these with such apparent grace, and the mystery is only deepened for me by their generational remoteness.

The members of Lotion live twenty-six to thirty, and the ambience of instruments in the classic one: Bill Ferguson plays bass, his brother, Jim, plays lead guitar, Rob Ferguson plays drums, and Tony Zychewski sings lead and plays guitar. The band came together in New York in 1991, playing gigs, releasing two singles in '91 and '93, their first CD, *Full House*, in January '94, an EP, *The Agony Funnels*, in late '95, and their second CD, *Nobody's Cool*, in March '96.

Nowadays, people come to shows who know all the lyrics and sing along. There are Lotion pages on the Internet. The band is playing fewer weeknights and more weekends, their career having evolved up to a certain intensity. Through the happenstances of fate, more appropriate to breadwinners than to future, our paths crossed a while back. They've been trying for forty years to learn to play the double. All any woman-beatniks could do is how about an answer? I asked Steve, they said. So we had lunch. The tape recorder was hidden behind the health food. The Ferguson brothers threw food at each other throughout. Rob and Tony broke up beer, were at the PowerBook, working on some album art between remarks.

Pratt: You guys covered “Fly Me to the Moon”?

Jim: Yeah, it was our first time in a compilation. The idea was to have all these different bands do famous Sinatra songs—forty-one tracks. And we're about the only ones that did cover straight. Some of these bands were, “Hey! We're gonna rock on Frank!” Others were totally laughing it up.

Jim: But ours was great. It really got a lot for us.

Pratt: You can do happy things in cover songs that you'd never allow in your own material. This version of “Fly Me to the Moon” is the silliest, the most sincere—

Rob: Yeah, like this other song we covered, “Walk Away Renée,” which we never could've written, but Bill came in one day and said it would be perfect for us to cover.

Pratt: We started working it up, then suddenly we're on our way to Memphis. We had already met the guy from Sun Studio. “Why don't you come in, book some time, two hundred bucks, four hours, no problem.”

Pratt: What? The Sun Studio?

Jim: We recorded the song in that actual room—that's why it sounds so good.

Pratt: We got to use all their equipment.

Rob: Unbelievable. We did it late in the night, all four in the morning, so it was more romantic—smoking or [sobbing] when Elton went to record. In the toilet, singing with your pants down, going, “Wow! Elton shit right here! Elton went down right here!”

Jim: It was weird. We'd just done a show, and we went in there—and I don't even like Elton. I don't have any of that history, the whole myth escapes me—and it was all like being in a church. I just felt so... displaced. I wanted to treat everything with absolute respect.

Pratt: But also like being in a museum. There's that picture of them all. Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins—they're sitting at that piano. And you look over, and there's the piano, right there.

Rob: The room hasn't changed, the same old wall tiles.

Pratt: The dream kit was a little newer. Was from about '64.

Rob: There comes that sort of the place, that if you're slack-jawed, and you're not looking in, and you're not really playing like you mean it?

Pratt: It's less you know?

Rob: We were like, “No, let's try it again,” even though we're definitely of that whole belief in “the first take is the real one.” Only this one wasn't. It was slick.

Pratt: Obviously, you try to use your first take?

Jim: There's an idea among indie people that the first take has the best energy. Okay, you may hit a few burnt notes

here and there, but it gets more to the essence of the song.

Pratt: It can also be just making a philosophy out of your budget. “Hey, it's a first take thing,” can really mean: “We've only got two days and can't afford six or seven takes.”

Rob: In fact, the song we recorded at Sun Studio was more faithful to the indie way, those producers there are the true indie monsters. I mean, no buffer? Noise coming through? It was really amazing to me that Elton Presley had a simpler way of recording than anyone. There are these rules today trying to tell you, “This is the way to do it if you want to be confident”—but even that's pretty and by comparison.

Pratt: So it didn't just look like the early '60s—

Rob: It was the first time we'd ever recorded without headphones.

Pratt: The microphones were bleeding all over the place. And there were these two little monitors on real low volume, that they could hear himself singing in—

Rob: While there are still mikes in the room? Really weird—but that guy had a really under control.

Pratt: Who was that?

Rob: The same guy that owns Sun Studio. We'd do the song, and it would sound ragged, and this guy would come running in, this every producer: “No, you gotta get more and the bass and drums have to be...” Over and over again. I'm thinking, he's killing us, and all of a sudden Rob and I just looked in. It was the first time I ever recorded without just expression “in the pocket.”

Pratt: We looked in. I felt like I'd just taken my shoes off and done it right.

Pratt: “Walk Away Renée,” now on the radio as “Fly Me to the Moon” is like, the all-time lounge ringer. You guys seem to have a lot of sympathy for the music of days gone by. Any place to cover “Tadpole?”

Rob: Lately the epic sweep. But some of that music, especially in the '50s, was amazing—really peacefully sincere. This couldn't write a song today like “Wildfire.”

Pratt: Okay, and we can all access such a huge volume now of recordings, films, videos, texts, hipertexts—everybody's seen everything, everybody knows everything. So how do you keep your work from degenerating into sampling for its own sake or just more low-end irony?

Rob: Our approach to the lyrics is really a romantic one, though some people naturally will always think it's ironic.

Pratt: Well, that song of yours “Sunset”? That's based on a true story—urban, you love story from your neighborhood. And you have a couple of laughs in it at the guy's expense, but at the same time it's from his point of view.

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The Revolution II, seen here, was inspired by a Hamilton design from 1935.

Pynchon: "You guys seem to have a lot of sympathy for the music of days gone by."
Bill: "That music was amazing—painfully sincere."

Bill: Right, it isn't just music.

Bill: You know, love—it's such a noble thing. Who decides when it becomes obscene? From the outside, those poems weren't threatening—well, the love ones did start to get a little personal.

Greg: Yeah—gay named Gary, in love with a girl named Sandra. She spurns him, so he starts pouring up poems, all over the neighborhood, declaring his love. Then, after a while, it's, "I say! She's mad at me; she won't talk to me," and a little later, "She got this court order against me!" Now he's not even allowed to put the poems up, so he draws a picture of her, a third! "Sandra is a Bitch!" At first, the whole thing was funny, the frustration of, "Hey, this guy's going out of his mind."

But then the love part of it came through and then the scary part. And all that's in the song.

Bill: On the Internet, where it's easy to judge somebody and then leave, somebody writing about us said, "It seems to me that they're trying to be ironic and yet at the same time heartfelt. It doesn't work that way, guys. Choose one." And I'm like, Why? That's it? Either you're some character in a sitcom, some bawdy lad making with the cute remarks, or you're head over heels in some old Italian movie, where you're going to be passionate all the time! That doesn't represent life at all.

Jim: Everyone has to distance themselves so they don't get hurt, and they're just so sensitive.

Bill: Well, you've explained Loren exactly. Because we could never write "Wildfire." We couldn't ever sing that heartfelt, because—we can't help ourselves—we'd reference it.

Bill: It's hard to be as a rock band and be an adult. You want to say something serious, but you don't want to be so serious that...

Pynchon: Everybody just...

Letter: Yeah.

Greg: We talk about our recordings like we know what we were doing at the time. With hindsight, we could say,

"Sure, we took the indie approach," where I think the truth is that we didn't know what the hell we were doing, wrote a bunch of songs we were afraid nobody but by the end sounded pretty good.

Bill: In the first year of interviews, people were explaining to us what the songs meant. We'd just nod, say, "Okay, sure, all those things. Sounds good."

Pynchon: And you were touring in Europe around then—

Bill: And then again last year, for the new album.

Greg: You woke up on the bus—Where are we? You get out. Hey, we're in Barcelona, on the beach!

Jim: I got to stay inside the bus that day 'cause I had a nervous breakdown the night before.

Bill: I'm, "Okay I'm just gonna fall asleep." When I woke up, three feet away, here's a woman snoring happily—where am I? Not in my bed, not in my country. I look around. All these women are asleep—one there with her mother, who's also asleep. Who's going on? I was like,

"Geez! Okay? I'm surrounded. But then again, we're only here in Europe once—maybe we'll get home with it."

Greg: When we toured Germany, within one day I had three radio interviews, and they all wanted to know about the tr-

tle of the first album, full line, "Full line, this album is more... totally Jewish!" The next one said, "A reference, perhaps, to Isaac Hayes?" The third one said, "When I was in second grade, the kid who sat next to me—"

Bill: No, that was that guy in Florida.

Greg: You're right. When I was in Florida, a girl said, "In second grade, a kid named Isaac sat right next to me, and that's what it totally reminded me of," and that was the correct answer. Whatever you can bring to it is going to be more emotionally real than any story we make up.

Pynchon: So how does touring in Europe compare to touring in the U.S.?

Bill: Here! I'd either be in the studio than on the road.

Bill: No matter where we are, all of us by the third week are missing home, or going crazy with it somehow. You reach a point where you hate it, but then you love it, only for a different reason than you thought you were gonna love it.

Bill: Sometimes, it's a place like Squidley's Tip Top Tavern in Augusta, which is a little gem joint—

Greg: Toolshed with a bar. Open the front door, you're right on the stage—

Bill: With a shower out in back for the bands to use.

Bill: Yeah, you're just out in Squidley's backyard, taking a shower, people all over the place, hanging out, drinking.

Jim: And then sometimes it's the gyo Club Letter Apple.

Bill: In Washington, D.C. The smell is legendary.

Bill: You play there and automatically your clothes smell like sweat, sex, passion, and cigarettes.

Greg: You get home, animals come up to you, some cat or whatever—what? What's that?

Jim: D.C. In the summer is just such a swamp. Shake your head, and the sweat goes right.

Bill: So you change your clothes, put 'em in a plastic bag 'cause we're gonna do laundry in Memphis. Get to Memphis, open the bag of clothes—the gyo Club. It's immaculate.

Jim: For the next three days, my gear smelled like it.

Bill: You'd run into other bands, they'd walk by, "You play D.C. last week?"

Pynchon: Anything else about the road?

Bill: The nonsense is greatly exaggerated.

Bill: What's good is there's no distractions. At home, I can never get totally relaxed, 'cause there's always something going on. But out there, nobody can get in touch with us.

While "on the road." There's nothing but our schedule. Just be there at a certain time. It's all amplified.

Pynchon: And then you come back—

Bill: Back to business.

Pynchon: Can you talk about the basement?

[Loren snorts.]

Pynchon: Gee, just looking for a dark-side angle.

Bill: Thing about the music business, it's more business than music. Big surprise. But I really thought it was going to be so different.

Pynchon: Even what I remember of bands in the olden days, you all seem a lot more conscious of the business.

Greg: We do what we're doing because we love the music, but it's hard for us sometimes not to say, "Ah, whatever,



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Esquire

Style Agenda

man, it's just the times." You definitely meet worrying—long sleep. Do you have to get involved in it, you really do?

Rob: No, it's all gonna drive us nuts—leave a bad taste in our mouths.

Rob: I can't believe it's taken artists that long to finally just be *aware* of their own careers.

Rob: Then again, do I really want to get rich now and blow all the money?

Rob: You'd have to commit suicide.

Rob: Oh, the Bass Player commits suicide. There's a big poem. Why? Why did the Bass Player commit suicide? To get to the other side.

Rob: The Bass Player?

Rob: It's a poem in my life—base-kicking guitar, copy chart, bass player.

Rob: Don't you see how they're connected?

Rob: I get to play the whole game, but I can never win! No body ever notices me unless I fuck up?

Rob: No wonder you keep your eyes closed.

Rob: You're right. I can't face 'em. Especially when my old punk-rock hairwashing tells me there's no reason I should be up here and they shouldn't.

Rob: So you get people making these hand-sawtooth assumptions about you?

Rob: Lead singer comes with this whole set of baggage. They assume that I'm writing all the songs—although with it, it's totally a four-man process.

Rob: When you do interviews, they usually say, "Why don't you just send us a singer and the guitar player." And they always assume the drummer is dead in the end.

Rob: You have your place, but not in writing the songs.

Rob: And much as we try to change that—if I play a show, and I'm tired! Hey I'm the bass player, I'm gonna just go sit in the corner, take out the wall—but they can't.

Rob: I can't, but I gotta tell you, people won't come up and talk to me. They think, Oh, he's too full of himself, he's off doing his thing, in his own little lead-singer world.

Rob: The difference is it's not coming out of something I'm playing or listening, it's coming out of my head.

Rob: I think a lot of people don't want to talk to the singer after the show 'cause they don't want to be disappointed.

Rob: How I thought you were cool and apologetic, and you don't care about me at all.

Rob: "No, Mom, I'm sorry, I don't."

Rob: Does anybody play other instruments?

Rob: I'm learning the five string banjo. Which is weird when you're used to playing bass, 'cause the bottom string on a banjo has the highest pitch. On a bass, when you want power, you go to the bottom, but if you forget and try that on a banjo, it goes ping!

Rob: I want to learn cello. I just want to have the power to make somebody cry.

Rob: I guess so, but what I agree to is hiring a cello, a really good cello, instead of learning to play.

Rob: Not necessarily even for the band. It's something I want to do for me.

Rob: Oh, I don't want to do it for the band, rather I just want to hire a cello.

Rob: [Laughs] When you're working, any, at a club, are you always in the studio? Do you ever take anything while you're playing?

Pynchon: "Do you ever take anything while playing?"

Lotion: "No!"

Pynchon: "I keep reading about this drug, Ecstasy?"

Rob: "Harmless."

Lotion: [Laughs] No, no!

Rob: I used that once—and I'm not a big pot smoker—once hit and I'm like... We started out, everything was going along real quick—all of a sudden, we went to a song that was very slow—and I was like, "This is not the right song!" It just took me... ever "Oh, God, dead voice."

Rob: "I thought that we had done this already."

Rob: "Is this in there four? All the time I've been playing this, it's been three-four."

Rob: Now they're all looking at me—

Rob: Whenever we played shows where we'd been drinking, people would come up afterward. "You know, you guys were really loud." All minutes get loud. There's quiet, there's loud.

Rob: I keep reading about this drug, Ecstasy?

Rob: Pretty harmless.

Rob: Any bad blood you may have with anybody, suddenly it doesn't matter, who cares? Though you're still not equipped to deal with it—maybe everything's great, but now you can't open it at all.

Rob: I find I just remember everything, want to talk about everything that ever happened, and I'll want to hear those stories from other people. "Go on, yes, you were saying about your fifth grade class?" It's completely fascinated.

Rob: If you're going somewhere that plays techno, you really have to take Ecstasy first, 'cause there's not much point really picking around just to learn.

Rob: It's amazing. Like I don't know anybody who would actually have sex to techno without being convinced.

Rob: You mean to the other person, to the music—?

Rob: I was thinking the music option.

Rob: And everybody is fascinated with the spool-type, like much as you dread it, you really want it to happen? You just wonder when it's over. I remember that one disk pumping the techno really loud, all of a sudden I have this misadventure Ecstasy experience, and I'm starting to get, "Inhalo! This is mild dangerous." Because this music was so relaxing.

Rob: What about when it's over?

Rob: Well, I'd really like an answer for that. Every decade has now been reborn, right? In the '80s, it was '80 style that was being reborn, then the '60s died.

Rob: Then it was '80s, then '90s. That was happening by the early '90s.

Rob: We all kept saying, "Gosh, new wave is just around the corner, we should do a new-wave song. Wouldn't it be funny to anticipate that?" We never really did, and sure enough, new wave is here. So the question is, What is gonna happen when we exhaust new wave? And cabinet punk and whatever else is left?

Rob: Maybe we should get into that '90s revival from the early '80s.

Rob: But there's gotta have to be an analog point, where—What are you gonna reference, after?

Rob: [For a moment, each face is visited by unaccustomed shadows.]

Rob: It's okay. Ten years from now we'll just be doing ten minutes earlier.

Rob: Yeah. "Remember this morning when we were really into that other stuff? Hey! Let's bring some off our back. Breakfast for lunch!"



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blood on their hands

The Lords of the Ring have allowed boxing to become more corrupt and barbaric than ever. A lifelong aficionado reluctantly throws in the towel. By Pete Hamill

Lights out: Edward (Charles Johnson) is
knocked out by Rocky Marciano in 1954;
Marvin (Bruce Campbell) joins the
Tyson body count in 2005

LOVING TIME DOING THEM CAN SURVIVE
 decisions and decisions, petty grudges and fleeting
 passions. But usually, they give way to the grinding
 wars of men and suddenly, one cold morning, they
 end. For a long time, I loved the brutal sport of
 prizefighting. I've arrived at last at that cold morning
 moment, when the lives in a sewer. And the
 rest of life is more tired and repugnant now than at
 other times, as a quiet luxury.

Every night, in that era of mid-century dollar parades,
 cabaret, moon and pay-per-view, prizefighting was legally
 sanctioned and marketed. There are bogus champions
 in every weight division. Brave kids make Russian
 bargains to get title shots and are then robbed and
 exploited by rapacious promoters. When their brains
 are mauled or their eyes beaten into blindness, they are
 treated like derelicts, mocked and abandoned. In this
 country, old dogs are treated better than old prizefighters.
 I don't want to look at this filth world anymore or
 contribute to its further existence. Not the way it is now.

When I was young, growing up in the tenements of
 New York in the years after World War II, prizefighting
 was the great dark prince of sports. Baseball was our sec-
 ular religion, of course, but it was played in sun-splashed
 glades where it was big news if anyone got hurt. Few peo-
 ple in blue-collar America were passionate about profes-
 sional football or basketball.

But boxing exuded the dangerous glamour of the urban
 night. We traveled on Friday evenings by subway to the old
 Madison Square Garden. Before the fights, the lobby was
 jammed with neighborhood tough guys and off-duty cops
 and fighters with crumpled faces, gamblers with dead eyes
 and peevy gay bats and velvet coats on their coats. There
 were a lot of pinkie rings. Some guys brought their women
 with them, great black creases with blinding hair and
 glittering scarlet lips. Everybody smoked. And the very air
 seemed charged with the coming blood rain. We were all
 there to see violence transferred into art.

And at its best, boxing was art. For my generation, the
 great master was Sugar Ray Robinson, who as welterweight
 and middleweight champion displayed every quality that
 marked great fighters: superb boxing skills, blazing combi-
 nations of punches, knockout power in each hand. He
 understood tactics and strategy. He protected gale and
 deepness. He set up spectacular, elegant ambushes.

That was why so many of us would go on them. We wanted
 and lost grand artistry in other American cities. We guarded
 to see another Robinson. Not only for the skills he
 displayed but for the other huge quality he brought before
 us: heart. This wasn't simple courage, we knew that any
 man who tied on gloves and entered a ring had a degree
 of courage. More than most men. But to say that a man
 had heart was a more complicated matter. The fighter
 with heart was willing to endure pain in order to inflict it.
 The fighter with heart accepted the cruel rules of the sport.
 He must not—could not—quit. He might be
 outclassed and outgained, but he never looked for an exit.
 That is why the Muhammad Ali of the Thelma in Manila
 will be remembered long after we are all dead; he had
 gone through the savage purgatory called Joe Frazier and
 emerged proud and triumphant.

At an glorious bout, a prizefighter was not a movie, in
 which every action was choreographed and the good guy

always won. When we saw a
 fight, we knew that the damage
 was real. The blood was real.
 The pain was real. There
 was a script, when the out-
 come was known before a
 punch was thrown, the fight
 was fixed.

In the 1950s, when I was
 hanging around Stollman's
 Gym and the Gimmey Gym,
 there were fixed fights. Mob
 guys like Frankie Carbo and
 Winkey Pillemer had taken over
 the sport, one lightweight
 champion lost his title to
 others at least twice: the wel-
 terweight division was a slag
 heap. The goal of these fixed
 fights was the gambling coop.
 A fighter was given money to
 lose. If you knew that a 3 to 1
 underdog was certain to win,
 you could make some money.
 Everybody in boxing knew
 what was going on. Sports-
 writers knew too. Jimmy
 Cannon of the New York Post
 called boxing "the red-light
 district of sports."

The exposure of these
 fixed fights almost killed box-
 ing. Older fans turned away; if
 they wanted fiction, they'd go
 to the movies. The young took
 their interest in violence from
 pro football or hockey. They
 found these models of elegance
 in basketball. The young didn't
 start going to the fights until
 the rise of Muhammad Ali.

As the fight racket lay
 dying, there were calls for its
 form, of course. There were in-
 vestments, a few endorsements.

A breeding number of fights first struggled in a funkish
 way. It was made in and about the corruption in boxing it
 had been born from the beginning, and only a fool could
 believe in complete redemption. Such fans hoped only that
 the beauty of the art would somehow survive, like flowers
 blooming in a garbage dump. They were looking for
 another Robinson. I was one of them.

Across the years, in spite of everything I knew, my
 passion endured. Newspapers and magazines paid me to
 cover fights when I'd have paid my own way. I've been
 drafted at fights in Mexico City and Dublin, Tokyo and
 San Juan. When the old Garden was torn down, I kept
 going to fights in the atmospheric new Garden. Eventually,
 the pearl gray bats and velvet rugs vanished. The last
 black middle gave way to a more casual. I kept going to
 fights.

Along the way, I came to believe that fighters them-
 selves were among the best human beings I knew. They



was carefully fine of the movie business that makes so
 many professional athletes. They were gentle in a nearly
 way. It is no accident that for almost forty years now one of
 my closest friends has been Joe Teresi—who was light-
 heavyweight champion of the world in the 1930s and later
 chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. We
 used to discuss big fights with the passion of enthusiasts.

Not anymore.

Finally, after too many years, I've reached the point of
 revulsion. The sport as it's now conducted is disgusting.
 My objections are not to its inherent brutality. Americans
 can't make much of a claim about being too "civilized" to
 sanction boxing when they accept the lightest murder rate
 in the developed world and their reluctant nod to the
 gas mask in the National Rifle Association. We are a very
 violent country.

My revulsion is much simpler than that. I don't want
 to be entertained anymore by a sport whose participants

are being systematically robbed,
 permanently injured, and killed. I
 don't care about managers, prom-
 oters, or the various television
 suits who transmute the fights to
 the safety of American living
 rooms. If they were all on board

an airplane that crashed into an ship, I would shed no tears.

I'm talking here about the fighters. About those young
 athletes who risk us their courage, who come out of the
 meanest streets of the worst towns and for a few brutal
 minutes earn more money than all the generations of their
 families combined. Those who held the gold in their hands
 for a few sweet seasons and then have it taken by thieves.
 Those who risk with the unshakable brain. Those
 precariously small kids walking on their hands.

If those brave young men can be possessed, boxing
 should be banned.

A forty-five-year-old
 George Foreman (left) was
 punched for his months
 before stopping Michael
 Moorer in 1994.

II
THE MOST OBVIOUS HAZARD TO THE PRIZEFIGHTER IS the one that is most unavoidable: brain damage. Fighters know that when they engage in a boxing match, they are risking everything, up to and including their lives. That is part of the deal. Their most attractive personal quality is their brawn. They are players in the only major sport whose supreme achievement is smacking an opponent into unconsciousness. Every fighter, even the very best, knows that someday it could happen to him.

Few fighters, and not many fans, know what is really happening. In a 1991 report published in *The American Journal of Sports Medicine*, the Swedish doctors Yonnes Haglund and Einar Eriksson summarized recent medical studies of boxing injuries. They acknowledged that there are fewer injuries in boxing than in football, rugby, soccer, ice hockey, skiing, or motor racing. But, they wrote, "boxing differs from other sports because the boxer is exposed to repeated blows to the head."

Repeated blows to the head, in prizefighters and gymnasts, have consequences. The technical language of the Haglund-Eriksson report has a chilling objectivity:

"The most common acute brain injury is a cerebral contusion, defined as an impairment of neurological function secondary to mechanical forces that result in unconsciousness or at least a grossy state. Dementia, memory loss, and senility may follow a knockout."

That's why so many fighters live as if innocents of what happened to them in their debates. And then "The severity of acute damage varies from transient alteration of cognitive function to irreversible brain damage and death."

I was in Madison Square Garden years ago when a brave Cuban welterweight named Benny "Red" Furst was battered into unconsciousness by Emile Griffith. He

suffered a subdural hematoma, which one of Furst's doctors described to me this way: "The brain is slumped up against the wall of the skull again and again, and the damage is devastating." A few days later, after an operation to ease the swelling of his battered brain, Furst died.

Other fighters are not so fortunate. They end up punch drunk. The scientific label for the condition is "dementia pugilistica," or "chronic progressive traumatic encephalopathy of boxer." According to the medical literature, this syndrome affects 30 to 50 percent of professional fighters. The most common victims are heavyweight, whose heads are pounded with more force than those of lighter-weight boxers, and middleweight fighters, particularly slugs without refined technical skills. The latter, of course, are usually the opponents in the modern fight fights.

The Haglund-Eriksson report describes the three stages of the punch-drunk syndrome:

"The first stage is manifested by affective disturbances and mild incoordination. In the second stage, the psychiatric symptoms increase, paranoid ideas, mild dyspraxia, and motor tremor may appear. The third stage is characterized by a decrease in general cognitive functions, memory deficits, impaired hearing, hypertension, dysrhythmia, intention tremor, and incoordination." That is, the speed is slowed, and gobs appear in sentences like this in a film. The ex-fighter begins walking in a jerking, oddly dainty way. Often, he retreats from the world, or of leaving private conversations or secret orchestras. The studies also indicate that the punch-drunk begin acting increasingly and aggressively suspicious of all around them. And there can be other consequences. Studies suggest that boxers suffer more than others from Parkinson's disease, multiple sclerosis, and frontal-lobe tumors. Blows to the head are also believed to be one of the triggers of Alzheimer's

disease. The punch-drunk syndrome doesn't happen quickly; sometimes it shows up as soon as seven years after the beginning of a career, sometimes as late as thirty-five years, the average in recent years. It is virtually unknown among amateur fighters, whose careers are much shorter. One thing is absolutely clear: The longer a fighter fights, the more likely he is to get punch-drunk.

Fighters of great skill and intelligence sometimes avoid these consequences. They adduce get hit in the ring or the gym. They retire early. They do not press their luck. But even the best can go too many times to the fan.

III

ON THE NIGHT OF THE TRICH-BROWE FIGHT, I WENT to a place called the Official Ali Star Cafe in Times Square. There was a huge private party to honor the twentieth anniversary of the film *Rocky* movie, and crowds packed the sidewalks for a glimpse of Sylvester Stallone and the celebrities he might draw. One of these celebrities was Muhammad Ali.

Ali was already there when I arrived, dressed in a sleek red long-sleeved shirt, seated at a table with his wife and young son. The bar light was a movie-star screen on which the preliminary fights were being broadcast from the MGM Grand in Las Vegas. The room was crowded with critics of the fight nation: Radick Rowe and Lennox Lewis, Ray Leonard and Willie Pep, managers and promoters, wives and girlfriends. Everybody tried to avoid looking at Muhammad Ali.

His head was bowed and he was trying to eat. But his right hand was shaking so hard that he could not get the piece of chicken to move two inches to his mouth. His wife, Lonnie, put her hand over his to quell the shaking and gently guided the chicken to its destination. Ali chewed slightly but did not raise his head.

Across the evening, people came over to the table to lean down and speak to the raised fifty-four-year-old man. Sometimes he smiled. Sometimes he whispered a reply. Sometimes he rose to pose for pictures. But then he would be back in the chair, the once-life and powerful body sagging, the eyes wide and weary, a placid zone dissolved in his mouth, all of him shaking with the Parkinson's disease, with the damage caused by the blows inside his over-brained.

The disease, caused in Ali's case by repeated blows to the head, is insidious, degenerative, humiliating: a thief of will and memory. I know. My mother, who was hit in the head by a mugger in 1959, is now eighty-five and trapped in an silent prison. I've fed her, as Lonnie feeds Ali.

Only when the fight started and Mike Tyson came down the aisle in Las Vegas did Ali's eyes focus intently. We'll never know what now moved through his mind. But he had made that same walk so many times, with entire arenas and stadiums roaring the cheer *Ali-ee, Ali-ee, Ali-ee, Ali-ee*.

When young, he had been among great things where half the audience knew him, and had stayed long enough to convert them all. For Ali-ee, Ali-ee was about celebrity or even success; it was about excellence and heart. And it was about personal defiance, of odds, of slaps of, of slaps of, of slaps of the American government, and of pain. Along the way, Ali became angry, most angry, alas, are also together.

The younger fighters were focused on Mike Tyson and Frank Bruno, lighting them in their imaginations. They didn't once look at Ali, Radick Rowe and Lennox Lewis

are still young enough to believe in the *Ali* movies. It can't happen to me. Once Tyson had battered Bruno out of the championship, Ali rose, was hugged by Stallone, took Lonnie's arm, and invaded off through the crowd.

Ali paid the price for his valor, and so did Jerry Quarry. We don't see much of Jerry Quarry anymore. He was the best white heavyweight of his time, a distinction he retained

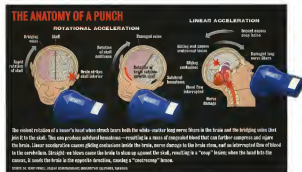
"I'm not a white hope," he said to me once, training in the gym in a hotel in the Catskills. "I'm just a fighter."

He was more than that. He could box with skill. He had a good, herring-like look. Above all, he had heart. But it was his bad luck to be good in the time of Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier, and they each beat him, cutting him up badly. He fought twice for the heavyweight championship and lost to Frazier and Jimmy Ellis. But he won a decision over Floyd Patterson, who twice had been heavyweight champion of the world. He knocked out the fierce panther Ernie Barnes in one round. In a twelve-year professional career, Quarry won 35 professional fights, lost 3, and fought a draw, before turning pro, he was an amateur fighter. There were a lot of wounds in front of screaming fans. There were ten times as many rounds in the gym.

Today, at fifty-one, Quarry is a shell of a man, his mind gone, lost to dementia pugilistica, his millions of dollars in earnings long vanished. Steve Wilshire of the Associated Press found him last year in Hemet, California, where Quarry was living with a brother on a plot of a month from Social Security. Wilshire wrote: "He needs help shaving, showering, putting on shoes and socks. Slips, probably diapers. His older brother, James, came once into little pieces for him to be won't choke and has to coax him to eat anything except the Apple Cinnamon Cereals he loves in the morning. Jerry smokes like a kid. Shuffles like an old man. Shows shored up from decades of roughing it on punches in a dying town. Time blurred. Memories faded. Wounds no one else hears."

Wilshire talked to Dr. Peter Russell, a neuropsychologist who examined Quarry last year. Russell said: "Jerry Quarry now has the brain of an eighty-year-old. He's at third-stage dementia, very similar to Alzheimer's. If he lives another ten years, he'll be lucky."

I could fill the pages of this magazine with the names of the other casualties of boxing, none of whom were as famous as Quarry or Ali. Consider only one: Wilfredo Benitez. For a few years, he was a spindly welterweight, a boxer-puncher with talent and heart. He was trained by his father, Gargano, who turned Wilfredo into a pro, saying, the boy was *latino*. Benitez was his first true championship as a sensation. He called himself the Bible of Boxing, which made all of us laugh, because that was the slogan of The Ring magazine. Wilfredo kept fighting for seventeen years, going up against the best fighters in several divisions, including Sugar Ray Leonard and Timmy Thruway. In many-two fights, he was knocked out four times, and after his last fight, a lost



THE HARDER THEY FALL



Jerry Quarry, 1962

Willie Pep, 1959

Muhammad Ali, 1970

Mike Tyson, 1985

decision in Canada, the arbitrators recommended a neurological examination because he lacked coordination. He didn't take the test. He simply went home forever.

Today, Wilfredo Benitez lives with his mother in Puerto Rico. The \$1 million he earned in the ring is gone. His wife is gone. His own house is gone. Even the furniture was hauled away at the end. When my friend Jack Tamez went to visit him last year, so have him come to a dinner for all the former Puerto Rican champions. Wilfredo's mother greeted him at the door and burst into tears.

"I'm so glad you came," she said. "He won't go out of the house. He won't do anything. He just sits in his room in the dark."

Tamez went into the room, and Benitez smiled in a sweet way and shook his head. There was nothing else to say.

IV

THE DEBATE ABOUT SAFING BOXING HAS BEEN GOING ON for years. Twelve years ago, the American Medical Association called for its ban. So have the British, Canadian, and Australian medical associations, the World Medical Association, the American Neurological Association, and the American Academy of Neurology. But the sport goes on. The money is bigger than ever, thanks to revenue from gambling casinos, cable television, and the pay-per-view system. Kicks from poor backgrounds continue to walk into gyms in hopes of being the jackpot. They don't examine the fine print in the contracts. It doesn't bother them that, unlike all other professional athletes, they will have no health or retirement plans and no pensions. They are willing to give as much as 50 percent of their earnings to managers and sign long-term deals with the tournament promoters. Unlike basketball, football, and baseball players, they have no union. When it's over for a fighter, it's over.

That shouldn't be allowed to go on. If boxing continues to be sanctioned in this country, then certain reforms should be mandatory. Here are some possibilities:

1. Create a national governing body for the sport. In most sports, the governing body is composed of the owners of teams, who hire tournament and administrators to regulate the sport. Boxing's governing body should be composed of the people who bear the responsibility for its existence: the TV networks and the gambling casinos. These are the most powerful entities in the boxing business, the equivalents of the major movie studios. If they all

stopped showing boxing, and paying huge sums to an individual promoter, the sport would vanish. So they have the power to clean it up. Obviously, it's on their own interests to stop blaming the sport's evils on Don King and Bob Arum. Such individual promoters could still function, the way individual producers work with the movie and television part of the entertainment business. But promoters would be subject to much tougher industrywide rules and regulations. The major TV outlets and casinos can and legal fixed fights by refusing to show them. They can insist on establishing and enforcing "competitive standards." But they must be united. And they must have control of the quality of the product. For the sake of discussion, call this entity the American Boxing Organization.

2. Establish a union of prizefighters. As soon as a boxer turns professional, he should be required to take out a union card. The union could be divided the way many union-protection unions are split up, into East Coast and West Coast locals. Useful models: the Writers Guild of America and the Screen Actors Guild. The union's leaders would negotiate with the American Boxing Organization to establish minimum payments for fights. They would help police box-office receipts, particularly in the pay-per-view sector. They would control medical and pension plans.

At the very least, a contract shaped by their union's management contribution would have to do the following:

- Enact that a full medical test is required for every fight, with appropriate technical support, including anesthesia.
- Enact an MRI or CAT scan for each licensed fighter every six months, with mandatory tests after headshots or multiple knockouts. Purses should be withheld until these tests are performed. Only doctors certified by the American Boxing Organization could give these tests; they could not be left to corrupt friends of the individual promoters.
- Place any fighter who has been knocked out in a firm of protection. Suspend for ninety days any fighter who has suffered a clean knockout. Ban for life any fighter who has been knocked out three times. The bans should include boxing in gymsnasiums.
- Enact an mandatory retirement discipline. All studies show that the longer a fighter works at his trade, the greater the chance of permanent damage. The damage is also cumulative. If a fighter hasn't made his fortune by thirty-five, he'll never make it. (George Foreman would seem to be the

exception, but he had a ten-year layoff and in recent fights has been getting pummeled.) It's obvious to me Roberto Duran and Larry Holmes continue to be punished in the head for the mismanagement of managers.

- Require mandatory tests for HIV before every fight. As Tommy Morrison attended the world in February, after he came up positive, boxing is a blood sport.
- Test for steroids and other drugs before every fight. A drug-refused fighter is engaging in consumer fraud.
- Limit the manager's share of any purse to 10 percent. In states like New York, a manager is legally entitled to one third of a fighter's purse, but in other states managers grab as much as 50 percent. A prizefighter is an entertainer, he should not have to pay a higher percentage than an actor pays an agent. Sylvester Stallone is paid 100 million for a movie. He doesn't give half of that sum to his agent at William Morris.
- Contract with a top accounting firm to verify all financial records. Any promoter caught demanding kickbacks from fighters or managers would be banned for life and subjected to prosecution for extortion in the states where the demands were made.
- Negotiate a lifetime medical and disability plan for fighters, one that would cover them long after they're hung up the gloves. Since doctors' hospitals can kick in late, they must get the best care available for as long as they live. This would be financed by contributions from individual promoters and the American Boxing Organization, along with small contributions (say, 1 percent) from active fighters.
- Establish a pension plan, one based on record earnings. This is only fair, a fighter who retires after ten fights should not get the same pension payout as a man with sixty fights. But today, with one exception, there is no pension of any kind in professional boxing. A utility infielder who averages 200 for five seasons in the major leagues gets a pension; Roberto Duran will not. The exception was designed by Randy Neumann, a referee and former boxer who worked out a pension plan for the International Boxing Federation. It calls for mandatory 1 percent contributions from IBF champions and challengers, with a retirement age of thirty-five. It is the only pension plan for boxers, and it is, of course, inadequate. The IBF is a self-created organization that sanctions title fights and deals only with champions and challengers. As a result, the plan doesn't cover the ordinary fighter, the preliminary fighter, the opening partner, the man who has an honorable career but never gets a shot at a championship. After two years of existence, there are only one hundred participants in the plan and six million in assets, with no provisions for medical or disability care. Still, it is a beginning, and Neumann should be applauded.
- Give promoters—not fighters—to pay retirement fees. There are now grabbed by such thriving outfits as the World Boxing Association (WBA), World Boxing Organization (WBO), World Boxing Council (WBC), and the International Boxing Federation (IBF). Under the current system, a champion must pay one or more of these self-appointed organizations for the privilege of defending his own title. These fees should not be paid at all, and they certainly shouldn't be paid by the fighters. The present system is like asking to play in a World Series to pay 1 percent of his share to organized baseball for the privilege of becoming a champion.
- License professional boxing commissions. At present, they exist in a state of anarchy. A middleweight who is knocked out on

Friday can be boxing a heavyweight in the gym on Tuesday. Amateur kids are sometimes thrown in with hardened professionals. Boxing gymnasiums should be located in schools. The schools and their faculties should be licensed and made responsible for what happens within their walls. Gym knockouts must be reported to the commissions along with signs of punishment. Every professional fighter knows that the heaviest physical damage takes place in the gym. If the fighters are to be completely protected, the gyms must be included.

• Compensate boxing records for all fifty states and insist upon verification of records from foreign countries. These records should not simply include wins and losses, they must provide details about knockdowns suffered, bad ones, signs of poor reflexes. These records would eliminate the "torero cas," the fighter who has lost more than he has won and is used to create bogus records for friends like Peter McNelly. Computerized fingerprinting would ensure that fighters based in one state didn't work over in other states or other states.

• Provide for legal services for all fighters. Boxers must be able to read the contracts they are signing. If they are illiterate, they must have the legal documents carefully explained by neutral lawyers. If they don't speak or read English, the contracts must be translated and explained in the fighter's native language. Failure to do so, in the presence of witnesses, would make the contracts null and void if challenged.

• Separate the role of manager from the role of promoter. In the movie business, agents can't simultaneously be producers. These roles are by definition adversarial. In New York and some other states, it is against the law for a manager to serve as his fighter's promoter. It is also against the law to let the same manager and promoter fight one another. Don King won't even have Mike Tyson to box in his native New York. Such laws should be national and enforced with indifference and prosecution.

• Eliminate the "typical" clause in contracts. The promoter's manager has made that standard practice. This encourages some managers to feed their fighters to people who will beat them. It also rewards winners with a form of unfair/unfair advantage. It's absurd and must go.

Maybe none of these reforms can be made. And maybe they shouldn't be made. Looking at the casualties, I've come to believe that boxing is one of those leftovers from a more primitive past that should be finished off and killed. I don't love it anymore. But if professional boxing continues to exist, then its opponents must change. They can clean it up, or shut it down. It's too late for Muhammad Ali and Jerry Quarry and Wilfredo Benitez. They inhabit a sad, silent limbo. But they should be the last. No more jobs should be reduced to members for the entertainment of people who lead idle, well-defended lives. People who will bear the roar of Ali-ko, Ali-ko, Ali-ko! People like me. People like us. ■

On Sioux man Goddard from top, the broken earth at Costner's Black Hills. Another resort site: an escapee of "bookies" who fled to Black Hills, 1990s. Costner wearing Cheyenne feather at his adoption into the tribe, 1990.

KEVIN COSTNER BECAME A HERO TO THE SIOUX AFTER DANCES WITH WOLVES. NOW THAT HE'S BUILDING A \$140 MILLION RESORT IN THE SACRED BLACK HILLS OF SOUTH DAKOTA, THE INDIANS HAVE DECIDED THAT HE'S JUST ANOTHER WHITE MAN.
BY MARYANNE VOLLERS

COSTNER'S LAST STAND



I HAVE SEVEN COUNTERS, WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING how much value will show on them because he's famous. But for the grace of God, you're gonna be glad that you don't have to live like I do anymore," says Costner. "I try to live a normal life. But there's not a thing I can do, there's not a moment good or bad, that can't become a public moment and very embarrassing." Yet he won't swing back against his notoriety, because he follows a cowboy code. He loves, he says, "in a world where you never blame, and you never explain."



The route: The Black Hills lie along the Wyoming-South Dakota border, covering four million of the most coveted acres anywhere.

No doubt Costner's world has been rocked recently. He has suffered, in relative silence, the scathing attacks on his drowsed fish-boy pose, *Wilderworld*. He has endured a painful and public divorce without a sound. And for the past year, he has refused to comment while critics have called him a modern-day Custer, a ruthless explorer of the Black Hills of South Dakota, the holy land of the Lakota Sioux.

It is this last charge that he has finally decided to answer, perhaps because it was to the heart of how he saw himself, how he views his legacy. The actor, who is most famous for creating *Dances with Wolves*, in which he played a soldier who becomes an Indian, was himself occasionally adopted into a Sioux family. He later coproduced and appeared in a documentary called *Spotted Nation* that chronicles the sorrows of Native Americans. So he was stunned when some Lakota leaders denounced him as just another settler, a greedy white man.

And all he did to deserve this treatment was acquire some acreage? U.S. government land near Deadwood, South Dakota, in order to build a golf course for his two million gambling resort in the Black Hills? "I feel really betrayed by the whole thing," he says. "My intention has never been to hurt anybody. I don't have a mean spite. But it's hard to back me down, 'cause I like to think my aim is true."

Maybe he should blame a son the Black Hills. The dreams of white men have been dashed on these slopes since Lewis and Clark set word back to Washington of the premier mountain range in the middle of the great American desert.

The plains of South Dakota were once the floor of an ocean, you can look up at the sky and still feel its weight. There is an openness here that can swallow you up, if you're not careful. When your eyes look at an Indian, they look on to the western horizon and pull you toward

what seems like a strange, the dark brow of the Black Hills. The Lakota Sioux call them *Black Hills*. The Black Hills are "the heart of all that is," where the Lakota people were created. The hills themselves are as sacred as a cathedral, a place reserved for vision quests and occasional hunting. They are the home of the thunder beings, who grumble and roar in the skyways. Anyone who goes there without the proper attitude does so at his own risk.

Unfortunately for the Indians, those ancient hills are also full of gold, what the Sioux call "the yellow metal that makes when men crazy." The madness began in the summer of 1874, when Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer led an expedition into the Black Hills and found gold in French Creek. Only six years earlier, the U.S. government and the Sioux nation had signed the Fort Laramie Treaty which promised that the Black Hills would belong to the Indians forever. As the Sioux would say, "so long as grass shall grow." But when prospectors swarmed into Sioux territory, Congress simply tore up the treaty and seized the Black Hills. A century later, the U.S. Supreme Court would call this move "one of the most ripe and rank ones of dishonorable dealing" in American history. Custer paid for his violation of the Black Hills, among other sins, at the Battle of the Little Bighorn in 1876. By then, the gold rush was in full swing, and a legion of prospectors, bullwhackers, gamblers, and whites had migrated to a gritty little boomtown called Deadwood.

But since whites moved in, much of the Black Hills that haven't been dug up or logged over have been turned into tourist attractions. Railroad-curve cinders looking for a taste of the Old West usually include stops at Mount Rushmore and historic Deadwood, where they can relive the legends of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane.

Hollywood takes most of the credit for creating the mystique that draws the tourists. When we imagine the West, the culture of the Black Hills burns into view. Hollywood Indians are usually Plains warriors in eagle headbands, chasing or being chased by the cavalry.

Kenny Costner capitalized on this image in *Dances with Wolves*. Although Costner has since claimed that his movie was about a white man, Lieutenant John Dunbar, who meets a group of people "who happen to be Indians," in fact, the sweeping romantic vision of the ill-conquered Sioux is the heart and the power of the picture. The film won seven Oscars, grossed \$200 million, earned Costner \$5 million, and established him as a bonafide powerhouse. The Sioux liked the movie, too. At the benefit premiere in Washington, D.C., Costner was adopted as a brother by a Lakota teacher and was given an eagle feather, the tribe's highest tribute.

Meanwhile, Costner, who had filmed the movie on location in South Dakota, fell in love with the Black Hills, opened a small casino in town, and started to plan a significant resort there, calling it the Dunbar, after his signature role. That's when the buffalo boy hit the fan.

One Lakota elder denounced the star as "greedy" and "not human." Disparaging rumors ran in *Time*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *New York Times*. *Arm-Counter* posters have recently circled in Japan, Seoul, and Scotland.

Keen and his brother, Dan, who manages his businesses, both claim to be baffled. "We were stunned by it," says Dan Costner, who now lives near Deadwood. "They said, 'We're against you taking sacred lands for your money-

making schemes.' But we're excited, under the U.S. Constitution, to buy and sell land."

The Costners say this controversy is not a story; it was just some trouble caused by a few individuals with a "hidden agenda." What they do not see is that they have stepped into the cross fire of a century-old land war, a battle as bitter as the Sioux won't touch the nearly 400 million settlement that is waiting for them in the U.S. Treasury. And it will not be over until the Black Hills are returned to them or the last Lakota is dead.

THE COWBOYS

THE CITY OF DEADWOOD IS SPREADING OUT ALONG A RIVER, winding gulches in the northeast Black Hills, roughly following the contours of Whitecourt Creek, an effluent that was recently so clogged with manure-mud sludge and sewage that the locals called it *Shit Creek*.

The Costner brothers discovered the drama of Deadwood while filming the final scenes of *Dances with Wolves* back in 1991. That was the year that the state of South Dakota finally allowed low-stakes gambling within the Deadwood city limits. The idea was to raise money to preserve the Victorian buildings and frontier flavor of the decaying town. There are now eighty gambling parlors in Deadwood, that taken together gross just about six million each year.

Born in winter, there is usually some life even in Kevin Costner's place on Main Street, the Midnight Star. The multi-million-dollar gaming house was designed to be the closest to seven. The décor is a profusion of dark, beveled wood, polished brass, and crystal chandeliers. The waitresses wear black fishnet stockings, garters, black lace, and red catch phrases. The overall effect might be called neo-westernness, as interpreted by Michael Biehn.

"YOU WOULDN'T SELL YOUR MOTHER," SAYS A LAKOTA. "THAT'S HOW WE FEEL ABOUT THE BLACK HILLS."

The plush interior of the Midnight Star is a shrine to Kevin Costner's screen career. Costumes and props from his films are crisscrossed in glass displays like museum artifacts. There's the suit he wore in *The Untouchables*, a guitar from *Robin Hood*, photos from *Field of Dreams*. A gift shop sells *Dances with Wolves* jackets. *Wilderworld* posters in several languages are mounted near the bathrooms.

Tourists love the Midnight Star. Sometimes, it is said, Das Costner turns a limousine to park outside, then circles the block a few times, just to make people think that Kevin or some of his Hollywood friends are inside.

But on a weekday night, the great fish backbone tables at the Midnight Star are staffed with six actors in down the street, at Saloon Number six, where the locals will sway the long dances. Although it's not in the same building it was when Wild Bill was ginned down during a poker game, the old saloon is still open for business, and its downstairs on the floor floor and loud live music are a tax bracket or two down from the Midnight Star's ambience.

Deadwood Gulch has assumed colorful characters since

the first one was pitched here in the 1870s. In the old days, there was Frisco Creek Johnny the Deadwood Dick (numbers: through 31, Polka Ales, Club Foot Frank, and a glass holder knows to all as the Rattle Rattle Throat), the ranch has passed to Buckskin Bob, who is leaning against the rail at the Number six, sipping whiskey.

"Strange things happen to people in the Black Hills," Bob says, and he should know. Buckskin Bob Stark is a forty-year-old former University of South Dakota psychology major who has spent the recent half of his life living hand-to-mouth in a stock exchange, poacher, prospector, and actor in small Wild West shows.

Bob is one of the many locals who think that Kevin and Dan Costner's huge casino resort is a good idea. "For artists reasons," he says, it should make steady work for him year-round. But as much as Bob likes the Costners, he can also see the Sioux point of view on the Black Hills claim. "The Indians gave a raw deal from square one," he says. "On the record. Give a back to 'em. It is sacred ground."

Buckskin Bob glances around the room to see who's listening. Not many in Deadwood share this view. But Bob has seen the endowments of enough redskins who own ranch and born in the Black Hills to give him a healthy reverence for the strange vibrations around him. "The spirits," says Bob, "are thick here. People go mad for things. It pushes you to wreck your life. To leave your family. Very few keep their head."

So long after the Midnight Star opened its sign, the Costners answered their next gambit: a tap to regional-bell-follower "distraction resort" and casino that would be built on eighty-five acres they'd acquired on Deadwood Hill. By the time the first design was unveiled, in February 1995, the price tag for the resort was \$90 million, making it the largest private project in South Dakota's history.

There would be a 4,000-square-foot hotel and convention center. The lodge, with 300 rooms, would be built on several levels with rough beams and rustic staircases. The lodge, with 300 rooms, would be built on several levels with rough beams and rustic staircases. The lodge, with 300 rooms, would be built on several levels with rough beams and rustic staircases.

A few locals feared that the Dunbar would seasonally embellished casinos, drive up taxes, and bring in a wave of rich homeowners to turn the place into another Aspen. But it was unappreciable to block the development of private land in Deadwood, especially land that had been an auto-body graveyard.

The Costners' first real problem came that fall, in the debut of a referendum on raising the betting limit in South Dakota to one hundred dollars from five dollars, increasing the number of slot machines allowed, and expanding the liquor licenses for large facilities. Tribal leaders, who had been trying unsuccessfully to raise the betting limit for years, opposed the idea and received the defense that the state's seatracker politicians accorded the brothers. "Costner has passed off a lot of people in this state," says Gregg Beardsley, chairman of the Cheyenne River Sioux tribe. "Indian and



non-Indian skills. He got shot down." It wasn't just the hard-handed political dealing that troubled Kevin Costner's welcome. There was also the problem with Dan.

At Jarryville, Dan Costner is five years older than his brother. He is an eccentric who doesn't like to talk about his time in Vietnam, a business when who left his vice-president's job at Bausch & Lomb in 1969 to run Kevin's financial affairs. Dan oversees the *Midnight Star* and the Danbar project and is generally seen as Kevin's enforcer in Deadwood. He has a lot of cheerleaders in the local business community who hope to cash in on the Danbar boom. But he has not made many friends among the two thousand citizens of Deadwood. "Dan has the people skills of a pit bull," one businessman says.

Dan Costner never refuses an interview. He just never returns phone calls. So I decide to drop in on the Danbar office, just to see if I can catch a glimpse of a Costner. I am rewarded when a familiar-looking face pops into the moving room. Dan is slender and not very tall, and he moves with a wary, almost feline precision. He resembles his younger brother, but his nose is a little too large, his hair too dull, to make him a handsome man. Without glancing at me, Dan looks at Claude, the receptionist. "Get me Kevin on the phone, now! I don't want any excuses!" His face is stony.

A few minutes later, however, Dan Costner is offering coffee and talking about how he and Kevin grew up in a working-class family in Southern California, and the mood is almost warm. "Our folks are Oklahoma stock. Probably relocated to California during the Depression. Lost their farm in the Dust Bowl," says Dan, who does not always speak in full sentences. "Our father was in the great middle-class pool, a working guy."

The brothers went to St. Clare Patterson and played basketball football together. Kevin started making Dan, stepped in finance. While Kevin rejected life as a star to be an actor, Dan rose through the corporate ranks, where he developed his leatherstock business philosophy. "Something that's not growing is dying. There's no arbitrage."

After the gambling referendum was defeated in September 1995, the Costners suspended the Danbar project. "I bitterly walked away really discouraged that someone wouldn't see the sense of a facility that would bring that money people in," Kevin Costner says now. "I never did one of during this election. Believe me, I could have used any celebrity anyone I wanted there."



After silence for a few months, the brothers recommitted the Danbar in March 1996. Dan Costner told reporters that the project would be essentially the same, "just more expensive." And so the movie called by the Danbar concept was transformed into an even grander scheme. In 1995, the posse was suffering to the resort project as coming "well over to millions," and the place was becoming infamous as the place sent from the Western wilderness. As its scheduled opening on May 1, 1996, the resort was to include a fully stocked diesel and steam rail system from the Rapid City, South Dakota, airport.

The design concept for the resort had also changed. The Danbar had been reimagined to look like a nearby nineteenth-century gold-ore mill known unofficially as the "idiot place."

Around this time, the Danbar announced that the perfect spot for its eighteen-hole golf course was ten acres of national forest right next to the resort property. Kevin Costner bought part of nearby Spanish Canyon in order to make it for the golf-course property. If the deal didn't go through, the Costners feared, the beautiful, beloved canyon, where the final scenes of *Deadwood* were filmed, could be subdivided into eighty residential parcels.

The Costners were stunned when the Sioux rose up to oppose the land swap. The Lakota maintain that under the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty, all federal land in the Black Hills legally belongs to them. They expect to get it back someday, and they want a say in what the government does with it and them.

Over the years, the tribal councils have hired Washington lawyers to pursue their claim, but not until the mid-1990s was any compensation offered for the confiscated land. In 1990, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a Court of Claims award of \$95 million to the Sioux. But to the astonishment of the lawyers and the government, almost every tribal council turned down the money. They wanted the land. Since then, compounded interest has driven the amount waiting for the Sioux to almost \$500 million.

"How much is your mother worth?" asks Dennis Leeder, Cheyenne, who translated the *Deadwood* with Wilson songs into



Lakota and crushed the east in the language. "You wouldn't sell your mother for all the money in the United States, and that's how we feel about the Black Hills."

Grigg Boardman led the charge against the land swap. "Our primary concern, originally was that for any land ex-

changes of this size there should be a lot more consultation with the Great Sioux Nation," he says. He was also worried that there might be secret sales on the future golf course.

Indian leaders who their status as separate nations seriously. They deal with the U.S. government through the Department of the Interior, the way foreign countries deal with the State Department. The Forest Service is part of the Department of Agriculture, and the Sioux feel it has no business directly approaching the tribes.

Forest Service officials tried to persuade tribal leaders to support the Danbar land swap, without much success. Public meetings were also called during the spring and summer of 1995, but few if any Lakotas attended. The Costners mistakenly interpreted this silence as approval of their plan. The Danbar office invited tribal leaders to visit the site, but only a small group from the Pine Ridge reservation came to Deadwood. Boardman says that the Costners could have solved their problems by reaching out to the tribes through Kevin's adopted family—which would have been protocol—and explaining the project. "Sioux leadership would have said yes, analyzed the pipe with him, and it would've been over," Boardman says.

Kevin Costner refused to do this. "I don't see any friends," he says. "In any event, he has not contacted his adoptive family since the controversy six years ago."

Dan Costner doubts such an overture would have made any difference. "You've never seen a more contentious bunch of people in your life," says Dan. "They can't agree within any tribal council from one day to the next. One group says, 'We listen or do not listen this particular project.' Well, I'm indifferent to whether they do or not."

Dan is not a trusting sort of guy. Although he agreed to preserve any secret sales on his golf course, he was worried that someone might try to cross some new secret sale by placing a few artificial. Dan hired a local business, Rick

Awil, to prevail the place with a video camera. "I saw a lot of wildlife," recalls Awil. "There were eagles flying around. But I didn't tape any Indians."

Traditional Lakotas do not believe land is a commodity, and they despise greed. Even though Kevin Costner had been made a brother by a fellow Sioux, it was clear to the Lakotas that he and Dan were still thinking and acting like cowboys.

In May 1995, a local anti-Danbar group, the Black Hills Preservation Committee, held a "spiritual gathering" on the Forest Service land that was to be traded to the Danbar. A hundred people showed up. There were prayers and speeches. Sidney Keith, a seventy-one-year-old Lakota spiritual leader, put on an eagle-feather headdress and prayed to the Great Spirit. "While I was praying, I saw some underheads through the trees," says Keith. "And right away, I knew that the deadheaded is looking, peering over the hills. And when I got through, it disappeared. No more clouds. So my prayers were answered. We stopped it, then Danbar."

Suddenly, the world was turning on the movie star who was supposed to be the anti-Gary Cooper. "The problems with the Danbar remained larger catastrophes in Kevin Costner's personal and professional life. His marriage broke up. He started losing his hair. In the spring of 1996, Costner was desperately editing and reediting *Wild Bill*, his solo million-film directorial adventure that the media was already determined to hate. Costner's next creative venture was to be a big movie about Jim Gap, starring Don Johnson. He was dating Joan Landon.

In July 1996, the Danbar filed an \$8 million, TSP III, a Rapid City company and used for \$5 million, claiming the incompetence held up the project. TSP III commenced, blaming the delays on the Costner's constant, frenzied design changes. Dan Costner announced that the opening would be delayed until May 1997. The official estimated cost of the project was now \$100 million.

By spring of this year, all that was visible of the Danbar-to-be was a large pile of saw logs, dirt, some stumps and a general mess of earth-moving equipment, and some lonely jeans.

"Always should be going off," says Madonna Thunder Hawk.



Black Hills of the Black Hills Preservation Committee. "I thought Dances with Wolves was a great movie. But as soon as Kevin Costner started messing with the Black Hills, things started going wrong. Doesn't he see where his troubles are coming from?"

THE INDIANS

THE BADLANDS BRICH AT THE NORTHERN BORDER OF THE Pine Ridge reservation, about an hour's drive southeast of Rapid City. This corner of the "hot" is a terrain of ancient megalithic canyons and worn-out peaks. Twenty-three miles from the town of Rapid City, the people of the Black Hills County, South Dakota, which includes Pine Ridge, always makes the top ten list of poorest places in the U.S. The poverty line (highway 9) is houses cobbled together from car parts and car paper. In the winter, 95 percent of the reservation is out of work. Half the adults drink too much.

There are a lot of reasons why Pine Ridge and so many other reservations are desperately poor. But the best explanation came more than a century ago from General William Tecumseh Sherman, Army commander during the Indian wars, who said of the Lakota, "The more I see of these Indians, the more convinced I am that they are all to be killed or assimilated as a species of paupers."

After the Battle of the Little Bighorn in 1876, the Army chased the Sioux out of the Black Hills. Once the fighting was over, missionaries and government agents set about destroying the Lakota culture by "assimilating" the people. Their language was outlawed, their sacred rituals banned.

By the late 1800s, a new, Christian religion swept through the reservations. The Ghost Dancers believed that the dead would live again and the buffalo would return and things would be as they were before the white man. This notion spooked the white South Dakotans so thoroughly that they called in troops to quell the supposed uprising. The 1890 Cavalry, Costner's old regiment, butchered more than two hundred hungry Sioux, mostly women and children, and old men, while they camped at Wounded Knee Creek.

"IF I'VE DONE SOMETHING BAD, I'LL HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT," COSTNER SAYS. "BUT I KNOW THAT I HAVEN'T."

Madonna Thunder Hawk is one of the Two Kettle Lakota, one of the four Sioux tribes that fought longest and hardest in the Indian wars. When she visits the cemetery as a bloody afternoon, Thunder Hawk tosses a few crumbs of bread on the mass grave as an offering to the spirits. Others have been buried there. There are caskets, machines and flowers strewn on the ground. The chain-link fence is garnished with bright cloth bundles of tobacco that flutter in the wind like tiny flags. "These were my people," she says. "We never got a chance to grow. The anger was passed on to the next generations."

Thunder Hawk is fifty-five, an old-time Indian-rights activist, a first cousin of American Indian Movement leader Russell Means, and a veteran of every modern Native American confrontation from the occupation of Alcatraz to the

siege of Wounded Knee in 1973. Wounded Knee II, as it was called, touched off a bloody feud on the Black Hills reservation. The conflict culminated in the shooting of two FBI agents in 1993 and the conviction of AIM activist Leonard Peltier, whose case has been a cause célèbre for twenty years.

Thunder Hawk views the protest against the Durbur as the center of all of these battles. "The Costners are just the latest group of exploiters," she says. "Kevin Costner only likes his romantic idea of the Indians. He's not interested in real Indians and our modern problems."

The civil war at Pine Ridge in the seventies was a symptom of an incipient revolution in Indian country. Traditional Lakota such as Greg Bourland are being called to leadership positions that were once the domain of second-blood, white-owned politicians. Among the Lakota, there has been a mirroring of the indignity and injustice that once held tribes together. In the midst of this spiritual revival, the return of the sacred Black Hills has become a kind of Holy Grail. But while almost every Sioux believes the land belongs to the tribe, how to recover it is a matter of considerable disagreement. One thing you can count on is that no one appeals for all Lakota.

The organized opposition to the Durbur suffered a setback in the summer of last year. The Black Hills Preservation Committee broke apart after one member of the group formed an alliance with a group of scholars and speculators who wanted to start an Indian casino and a golf course on property next to the Durbur. When this business development hit the papers, the Costners were quick to capitalize on it. Although Sioux leadership denounced the casino scheme, the Indians were soon hearing that people were agreeing to the Durbur only because they had their own greedy business interests. Finally, the supposed hidden agenda was revealed. Late last September, the Forest Service announced its approval of the land swap with the Durbur.

Duane Brewer, a former Pine Ridge councilman, met with Dan Costner and endorsed the land swap. He thought it was a good trade. "I believe the Black Hills should be returned," says Brewer. "But I'd rather have the land in Spanish Canyon than the piece next to the Durbur." Brewer is a fair guide, and he hopes to bring Durbur guests down to Pine Ridge for a look at the site. "Whether we like it or not," he says, "Indians are a tourist attraction."

In fact, the South Dakota tourism office once called Charlotte Black Elk, a Sioux scholar, and asked her to come up with a fresh guide for the site. She suggested, "Welcome to South Dakota, where the weather's fierce, the whites are ugly, and the Indians are mean." They never got back to her. Black Elk's husband, Gerald Clifford, was head of the seceding committee that drafted legislation to restore 3 million acres of federal land in the Black Hills to the Sioux. A sympathetic Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey introduced the bill in 1981, but the South Dakota congressional delegation sent up a hail of protest, and the bill died quietly.

But Charlotte Black Elk is not discouraged. "We're a pe-

tion people. We say that these thousand years is a short time. A hundred and twenty years since the theft of the Black Hills is just a very short time. And we will have it back." Black Elk says the decision not to go into the brawl over the Durbur.

The door point out, though, that the population of whites in South Dakota is declining while that of Native Americans is increasing. "In twenty years, we're going to be the majority," she says. "Some rules of the ball game are going to change." Then she laughs wickedly. "We can build it, but they won't come."

THE UNFORGIVEN

"I WOULDN'T COME BACK TO 1973," SAYS KEVIN COSTNER, calling from somewhere on the West Coast. "I looked down at your number, and I thought, The Enemy My brother like your agenda wasn't an honest one. He said, 'I think they're gonna kill us.'"

This is Costner's way of engaging in a "healthy exchange," which he has promised to conduct with me to "finally get it square" about the Durbur controversy. He cannot comprehend any reason, other than greed or spite or some other "agenda," that anyone should oppose him. He can't understand why building a pleasure palace in the sacred Black Hills might seem disrespectful to the Lakota.

He thinks he is being picked on because he is famous, and that those premises are a negative perception of him. They never let us get into when they're wrong. "Please, let's not go into Wounded Knee," he moans, but he talks about it anyway. "They said, 'Wounded Knee never grants us any money; Wounded Knee is the biggest rip in the world.' Well, now it's making money and there's nobody to write about it."

Since the press is going to print only bad things about him, he reasons, why should he even try to explain himself. But clearly the Durbur flip is bothering him enough to make him bend his own rules. To him, the Durbur is more than a casino resort, and the golf course is more than a golf course. He describes the complex as "an idea, a dream, a place where people can sit, a place of beauty that night now is not beautiful, and contemporary means. And there's the environmental concern."

This is the first time anyone has mentioned such a project. What he really wants to do, Costner says, is have people visit his resort and admire about themselves. He wants to promote the Black Hills. "You have to understand, I've had experts say, 'Don't do this,'" he says. "No one will ever come. No one even knows where South Dakota is. No one believes in the people or what's there." I lie.

When Kevin Costner looks out from his circling airplane, he has said he sees nothing but empty land, and he knows that so much blood has been shed for it, and he wants to fill it with something good. "The Sioux look at the entire Black Hills and see a universe of living resources, ancient and new and animals of all parts of the world in which human beings are only one small element. The difference in outlook is so profound that it basically explains the origin of all the wars that have been fought here."

He says the Durbur would be a good place for the Sioux leaders to discuss their land claim with Washington politicians. He wants the resort to be a compromise territory, a South Dakota Switzerland. "It's neutral because I make it neutral," he insists.

And if the rest of the world doesn't like it, then so bad. He's still threatened by the Lakota opposition to his

plan, but he says that he can't please everyone and he won't back down. To illustrate his point, he tells a story from the making of *Dances with Wolves*. "I had to come a long to call the buffalo, and there were four or five tribes convincing me that they had the right song and that the other groups were absolute pigs. I realized that someone had to make a decision. It really came down to me saying, 'Look, not everyone is gonna be happy, but you're gonna like this movie.' And if I did one something, you know, had said hard where the American Indian is concerned, I'm gonna have to live with that. But I know that I haven't."

The Lakota called the real that Costner came into the Black Hills the Thieves Road. Many white men followed his tracks, riding horses or men in the mountains. They are all gone now and so are most of their children and grandchildren. At night, from thirty thousand feet, the points across in empty as a boggle's head, hardly a light flickers below. The only thing most people can visualize when they think of the Black Hills is Mount Rushmore, one of the nation's great monuments to itself. Americans use it as a work of art and a symbol of triumph, the faces of great presidents carved into the raw wilderness, a celebration of conquest.

The Sioux see Mount Rushmore as a desecration of a beautiful mountain, an attack to grotesque that it is almost unscalable. The last mistake was Lake Mead, their once and the most beautiful mountain. The Black Hills is not a red-hot new place into somebody's eye. They could just as well have carved this mountain into a huge obelisk standing on a dead Indian.

A group of Sierra Service men formed a human chain to put on a presidential nose. Rushmore has pondered blowing up the monument. In 1990, a group of AIM activists and Lakota Indians decided to occupy Mount Rushmore. They camped on Theodore Roosevelt's head. Russell Means stood on a ledge next to Lincoln and shouted to the tourists below. "Thou shalt not read!"

Visitors still flock to the mountain to gaze at the granite heads and browse in the gift shop for souvenir paraphernalia and pounds of tobacco. Sitting Bull, and Wounded Knee, the Sioux Native American, is meeting new economic standards and a challenge. As Dan Costner might say, "What isn't growing is dying."

As soon as the spring snows melt, controversies erupt will start altering the Durbur golf course. The Costners have won this battle. While the struggle has been important to the Indians, an even more urgent fight looms. The U.S. Forest Service's ten-year management plan for the Black Hills National Forest is still being drafted. It will include provisions for timber sales, road building, and running on government land near Deadwood.

Kevin Costner says he wants the Durbur to be neutral territory in the battle for the Black Hills. But he may soon find that there are no neutrals in this war, which is more than a struggle over the ownership of a million undeveloped acres. It is a fight for the heart of the country. Once Costner's resort is completed, and once the government starts heading out the forest to timber companies and opening the slopes to Canadian ski resorts, perhaps Lieutenant Durbur will begin his first riding into battle with the Sioux, if only to protect his investment. And maybe Kevin Costner will realize that there is something even he can learn from the Lakota, and they can make the pipe and his brothers agree. Maybe he will find peace. ■

Mouth to Mouth

How can you get the baby to stop crying? An exercise in old-fashioned family values.

BY WALTER KIRN

AT FOURTEEN, WHEN I FINALLY STOPPED sucking my thumb under pressure from my parents and my dentist, my mother suggested gum as a replacement. My father tossed stuff I laughed at them. The hole I had to fill was just too big. Sometimes I feared the hole was bigger than me.

I wanted straight vodka. It was tough to find in Shanderson Falls. The town was dry. No bars, no liquor stores. The grocery store sold 3/4 beer, a weak concoction that tasted like soapy water and tasted like the glue on envelopes. To catch a break, I had to drink a six-pack, and even then I felt maddeningly alert.

I approached the town drunk to find out what his secret was. He was a heavy old man named Willy Lundt who lived on a houseboat whose windows were blacked out like windows in a pornography bookstore. He fished for shad and bullheads from the dock and took his low-life role seriously. He smiled at me. Three summers ago, a movie had come to town—a period drama about the pioneer days—and Willy was cast as a bum by the director. The only local to win a part, he still wore his costume of tattered dungarees and spoke with the Swedish accent he'd been cradled in.

He was surprised to have a visitor. I sat on a velvetous couch whose curved cushions made me feel inadequate and short as Willy leaned forward and rolled up. He damped his trunk through a portal in the floor, where the river floated its muck.

"I want to know how to get liquor," I said bluntly.

"Send it from your father."

"I can't. They'd catch me."

"So?" said Willy.

"I'll get sent somewhere."

"Of course you will. We all do, in the end. I got sent to Pine Island Juvenile. Learned to play chess there. I mastered archery. You and away the best year of my life."

"What if I give you money for some vodka?"

"Don't drink vodka. Don't go down that road. They say it's pure. It's not. Pure rock and rye. The truth in the booze adds important nuances."

I fished in my pants for the crumpled dollar bills I'd stolen from my father's bedroom. He couldn't keep track of his money—too depressed. In the evenings when he got home from work, he'd flog what was in his pockets on the dresser as if he were ridding himself of bushy tresses.

"You're sure you want to go this route?" said Willy. I felt patronized. He'd done quite well as a drunk—he'd won a movie role.

"Buy me the booze or I'll get it from Fred Harley," Fred was our other town drunk, Willy's rival, considerably younger and far less picturesque, but possibly more authentic. He was not an actor.

"You'll get it from me," said Willy. "You your guy. How much do you want?"

"Enough to knock me out."

I came back three days later, as directed, and found my connection unsuccessful on the couch. His head hung down over the edge and grazed the floor. The blood running into his face had turned a purple and mottled his lips into frothy, bloody blots. I started making cupboards and pulling drawers out. Clouds of muck rose upward from the old dresser.

"Out. Get out!" I heard Willy say behind me.

I turned, harassed by the insects in my face.

"It's you," Willy said. "I'm sorry I've been dreaming."

"Where's my money?"

"Never give me money."

I helped him sit up, then searched his dungarees. He held his arms in the air and didn't protest. Besides some food stamps and sheets of lint, all I found was his actor's union card, laminated in plastic. What a fake.

I DISCOVERED THAT MARIJUANA WAS EASIER TO GET. I followed a trail to the woods behind the high school and found a group of older girls in tube tops, pouring a brown paste and giggling. They were discussing the steady penis sizes of some of the school's top athletes. When we met two days later, the topic was who had "mums"—pimples on their butts—and I named names. I sold out half the boys' locker room that week.

The girl I grew closest to was Donna Lundt. She had no mother and a famous father, our only celebrity other than Willy Lundt. His three-weekly column for the St. Paul paper ran throughout the northern plains state and took as its theme the decay of moral values. I was a fan of Mr. Lundt's writing. I admired his wordplay. He referred to Hollywood actors as "movie stars" and called abortions "mucovombs." Liberal politicians were "deprecious." Due to his highly accurate descriptions, Donna said, of attending A-bomb tests during his sabbatical days—he seldom left the house. The one time I'd glimpsed him, he'd worn a hooded sweatshirt and his face had been smeared with white zinc oxide.

One night, I went with Donna to her Skylark to buy pot. Donna blindfolded me before we left. She had a black nylon stocking around my eyes that smelted of soap and salt and corn butter. I smiled deeply as we drove along. "Are you getting off on this?" asked Donna. She took my hand and sucked my middle finger, then guided it into a velvety moist crevice.



"Touch his don't look," she said. "That's my rule, okay?"
"Why can't I look?"
"I'm seeing myself!"
"For who?"
"Wouldn't you like to know?"
I didn't, really.

When Donna finally untied my blindfold, we were parked in front of a lopsided white farmhouse whose violet bay trap cracked in the dark. The place was a dump like so many local farms, surrounded by overgrown impatiens and yellow, weedy fields. Government programs paid farmers not to plant, so they'd taken to selling things instead: dot powders and vitamins, antiques, glasses that doubled as goggles. And dogs.

"Be cool," Donna said as we reached the porch and knocked. "And don't make a fuss if he tries the baby suit."
The dealer, named Jeff, was tall and in his twenties, with moles in the crooks of his elbows and on his eyelids that were the size and color of pencil erasers. He showed us to a makeshift table constructed from a door raised up on cinder blocks. He used a garden trowel to clean the pot. A Judas Priest album, turned down low, played in the room, and I noticed the floor was tilted. While getting my wallet, I dropped a dime and it rolled forever, out of sight.

"Hey, Giff," Jeff yelled. "Get down here! We have guests!"
"Giff is Jeff's wife," said Donna. "They have a son." She seemed to be preparing me for something.

Moment later, a girl appeared at the foot of the stairs. Her braids bridged over the sides of her pink halter top, and her pants rode high inside her crotch. In her arms was a baby whose head lolled, unresponsive. Its face was vaguely mammalian, like something that had been buried and dug up.

"Donna's a weirdhead, too," said Jeff. "He's finicky."
The girl laid the baby down next to the loose pot and left the room. Jeff nudged the child's bare stomach. It didn't react. Jeff nodded under his chin. The baby's stomach seemed to be the point.

The girl returned with a cardboard carton and opened the lid and set the baby inside it. She closed the lid and set down next to Donna as Jeff flicked a Zippo and lit the joint he'd rolled. The joint smoked and popped as Jeff relaxed, checking such a nervous look of awe that he leaned across the table as the box and blew out his last through a hole in the cardboard.

Smoke leaked out through the lid. I heard faint clumping sounds. The box moved as much as two across the table.

"Imagine what he must think in there," said Jeff. "It's Disneyland in a box. It's Disney World."

I looked at Donna, scorned. She lowered her eyes.
"Baby's naturally high," the girl said. She studied the box as it rattled toward the table edge. "It's cut they don't lose language yet. They're pure. They think in pictures."
"Of what?" Jeff said.

"Of animals."
"That's a guess," said Jeff. "You're guessing?"
"No."

Jeff blew more smoke in the box and a mood fell. The clumping stopped. The girl extended the lid. She liked the baby out by an arm's reach and held it so we could look. Its skin was gray. Its toes and fingers were curled up tight. Its ear's jaws. Oddly, the kid seemed to have no belly button.

"Watch now, here's the amazing part," said Jeff. The girl set the baby in a nearby armchair and started untwisting a tangled power cord running to a pair of headphones. She

snagged the headphones on the baby's skull and crossed to the stereo and turned a knob. Instantly, the baby started looking. An eerie humming sound escaped its throat, followed by a cooing, throaty clatter in which I heard crowing, roosters, snoring pigs, a whole menial barnyard.

"We're teaching him early," said Jeff. "He'll be a star someday. Bigger than Jethro Tull. Than Robert Plant."

Later that evening, parked above the dais, Donna and I dived up the pot. "Jeff's sick," she said. We were good and stoned by then. "Sometimes I'd like to send that baby away from him. Leave it in a church."

"We should," I said.
"A child should be a light of hope, a beacon. A reason to live."
"I agree."
"A lamb of God."

An ember jumped onto the thigh of Donna's Levi's. She brushed it onto the floor and started crying. I touched her shoulder. She didn't shake or flinch. My hand slid down her slick acrylic swimsuit over her breasts. "My rule," she said. "No looking. I shut my eyes and pressed my hand against her, feeling her ribs, her speedy little heart."

"I'm taking that left. Will you help me?" Donna said. I would have promised her anything just then.

THE MARQUINA LATTER BY TWO WEEKS WE stepped in Donna's kitchen at a table in the basement beneath her father's study. It took me a year to hear his censored desk chair scraping across the ceiling to hear his voice. He spoke his columns out loud so he wrote them, adopting a scowling politician's tone. "I've come somewhere far better than you—a solution! The old and reform are not. You mad as hell, Jeff!"

I was sure Mr. Land could smell our fumes, but Donna said not to worry. "He's very tolerant. The column is all an act. It's showbiz, really. As a matter of fact, that book was his idea. He gave it to me for my sixteenth birthday."

"That book" was a deluxe-size paperback, *The Sexual Gourmet*. We'd been working one way through its chapters for a week. We rubbed ourselves down with collagen and olive oil and weighed like fish in each other's privacy areas. We performed ourselves on chairs and stacked-up pillows and tested the limits of human flexibility. I was Donna's puppet—I wore the blindfold—and she freely moved my limbs, tying us into mas, erotic knots. I repressed passivity until me. My only problem was from Donna seemed bent on acquiring a lifetime of sexual expertise before the month was out, and I was being rubbed raw in the process.

The marriage touched the soreness, but we were running low on it. I didn't look forward to having more. Our noble talk of taking little Donna—a subject that Donna inevitably brought up after every orgasm—had put me in a bind.

"First," she said one day, "I'll go alone. By the way, we're finished here. We're through. My teenage experimental phase is over. I want something meaningful."

"America, get a girl! Ignore the movie stars! Look in your friends and families, to your family!"
"I promised to help you," I said. "I won't go back on that. I love you, Donna."

"That's not what we've been doing here."
"I know that. It just happened."
"Not to me, kid."
Upsides, I heard Donna's father start to type.

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IAD SOME FIGURE LEAVING THE HOUSE THAT night. My father was having a breakdown in the kitchen over our family's failure to appreciate the strong odor of food. He flung open drawers and cabinets, removing cases of soap and other items and quaring their joints in a high, screeching monotone. "We can't go on like this. Our gross income for thirty-seven cents. A dollar for bathroom soap. Two for Frontal Flakes." Finished, he'd drop the items on the counter, where they'd burst open or roll onto the floor. "We have to stop eating," he said.

I finished my ice cream and rose from the table. My father looked a space far at my chair.

"Where are you going?"

"Where kind of now?"

"Is South of North? Is it educational?"

At the end of the driveway Donna's car was waiting. Her dilapidated pickup reflected the glowing gauges. She'd combed her biceps straight down and put on lipstick and donned a pair of mismatched black driving gloves.

"After we make the buy," she said, "we'll hide outside until they put the baby down. Then you can climb through a window or something and hand him out to me."

"I'm scared."

Donna held some pills out. "Daddy's sedatives. Sometimes his sleep is so tight he can't sleep."

The lights were out at the farmhouse and the cars were gone. Stay cars assembled off the porch as we approached. I passed through the screen door and saw the amber mists of the smog had heard no music.

"Lucky we," said Donna. "They're at the bar. They leave the baby at home. They always do that."

We went on in. My bravery assured me I'd never snatched a look at a bandit for burglary and it was nice to know.

The baby was in the crib in the back, the headphones hugging its ears. Its eyes were open. It seemed to have grown up since some we'd seen it last. The legs sticking out of its diaper were thinner, longer, and a bruise in its brow bespoke a lightened moment. When Donna moved the headphones, two guitars blared.

Audibly, the baby spoke. "Ma pa ma pa."

"Quiet!" I said.

Donna shouldered out. "Hold him."

I cradled the baby as Donna opened a closet and dimmed on a cloth to leave for Jeff's study. Something was wrong with the baby's nervous system. I moved a forefinger across its field of vision, but the pupils failed to track the movement.

"You're going to be fine," I whispered. "We'll take care of you." I knew I wasn't telling the truth.

Donna snuck down off the chair and closed the closet. She held a black plastic trash bag wrapped with duct tape.

"Take it all," I said. "Just take it all."

"I beg your pardon."

"Take, and they'll notice their son's gone, too."

I heeded the baby down in the backseat, clearing a spot among Donna's eight-inch heels. She drove a steady, uncompromising, jittery, idling, right turn on, unswerving, country road. Once we had lost track of where we were, Donna pulled over, parked, and took her pipe out.

"Not in here. The kid," I said.

"Forget."

We stood in the ditch and got higher than we should have. The pig, combined with the sedatives, slowed my heart.

An owl winged past just feet above her head, and Donna, startled, ducked and covered her hair.

"Come on. Let's find the Lutheran church," I said.

"Lutherans are so strict."

"Fine, we'll try the Catholic church."

"I want to take him home to show my dad how I'm doing. Jesus."

I stood there, confused. My brain felt gritty and filled.

"You choose the church," said Donna. "I don't care. What I care about is Daddy's outlook. He's so afraid. So dark. I'm going home." We rode in silence and Donna kept on smoking, the parked in front of her house and shut the lights off. The baby was making honey, ringing sounds. In the glove compartment, I found a cherry-flavored Pop, which I stuck in the baby's mouth. He spit it out.

"I'm sorry. I need my dad," said Donna. "I'm sorry."

I warned the baby right against my chair, feeling possessive suddenly, protective. No church that I knew of deserved him. No one did.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Justin. Are you mad at me?"

"What do I do with the baby?"

"Try the Methodists."

WHERE I WROTE—I FELT I HAD NO CHOICE—WAS WILLY Lind's houseboat. The baby didn't like him. I chided up to justice to a "screwed-up dope thing" and he understood.

"Sit and talk," he said. "I need the company. I'm drying out. It's rough. Because the trucking."

He pressed two glasses of Coke and brought out pizza sticks. For the baby he dipped a finger in some milk. It would not lock, though its round, pink tongue seemed puzzled.

"I'll drop him at the sheriff's in the morning. I'll say I woke up from a binge and there he was. They've come to expect such things from me. They like it."

"You're really cleaning up. How come?" I said.

"I've got a line on a role. In Minneapolis. A corpse in a car trunk. It's a cross-case movie. The corpse rules all the way to Mexico. Oodles of scenes there."

"Break a leg," I said.

As we chatted about Willy's prospects as an actor, the baby's condition deteriorated. A blue came over an eye. New sounds erupted. They rose from deep in the baby's hollow chest—the assembled upticks, I supposed, of so much heavy metal over headphones. Willy took the baby and nodded it, pacing, but the sounds just grew louder and wilder. The baby turned pale. It looked and spasmed, it flailed in chubby arms.

"Maybe it's diabetic," Willy said. "It's having some kind of seizure. Or epilepsy."

"The parents should it. They kept it high on pot."

"That's what it wants, then. Roll a joint."

"That's sick."

"Do it. I mean it. Take an old beat's word here."

I argued but eventually gave in. Once the joint was rolled and lit, we looked on the floor. Willy held the baby's arm back. I purred down into its face and saw no soul there, nothing but a blurry rubber mask. This changed with my few splayed puffs. The baby grunted its mouth opened wide for more. I drew more smoke in. Against my will, a flicking of pride stole through me. Finally, I was doing something right. Finally my love was being answered.

I snaled my mouth on the baby's chin, dry lips and blew until I was dazed, completely spent. ■

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GENTLEMAN

SURVIVAL OF THE FIT

The slim, raffish new look for men

By Woody Hochswender



Beet-out trousers, above, is a suit from the fall 1998 show of Richard Tyler. Ray star Cooke, above left, steps out in a PVC-coated car coat for Tommy Hilgner. Other smart topovers: An orange raincoat by Calvin Klein, bottom left, and a camel shirt coat by Moschino by David Chu, near left.



ASHAILING THE Peacock Revolution inaugurated by the likes of Peter Dinklage and the Beatles, the columnist George Fossar wrote on these pages in 1961, "What is essentially wrong... is not that their clothes are radical but that they place for more emphasis on functionality than fit."

Of course, some of those old styles have been reinterpreted lately, part of fashion's cyclical swings and the current infatuation with things exotic and new. But this time around, the fit is all. In the recent past, cutting-edge fashion for men usually meant dispensing with strict tailoring and going for looser,



Signaling the new emphasis on fit, Bruce Karsh opened her fall '98 men's show with a white stretch dress shirt, right, practically glued to the model's body. A seersucker-style shirt (left) shirt by Gene Meyer, near left, reinforces that view. A dark wool-crepe suit with a black lapel, far left, from the new slim-fit Ralph Lauren Collection.



unconstructed garments. The newest fashions, however, do not come at the expense of tailoring; in fact, rigorous tailoring is the inspiration.

Last year, Ralph Lauren introduced Purple Label, a collection of suits hand-tailored in England and molded into an hourglass. The superb materials and impeccable shapes set a new standard for boardroom glamour. Lauren has now supplemented this look with a new group, called Blue Label, consisting of even slacker suits—a fit-free single-breasted, a one-button double-breasted—usually in black, worn with solid ties and white shirts.

Calvin Klein calls his newest tailored clothes "retail-tailored," which means the shoulders are higher and smaller, the sleeves and trousers slimmer, the shoulder angle. He wants to give the illusion that a man "has the body of a swimmer." You may need to swim a few laps to look right in these hand-tailored, fully constructed suits.

The trend toward strict, lean shapes has also paralleled the rise of Richard Tyler, who once made a living dressing rock stars, to the top shelf of American design. His fall collection was full of seemingly cut pieces: a trim cordover-leather jacket, a fitted plaid leather shirt, a cashmere coat with curved shoulder pockets—all with a western spirit.

The suits are cut close to the body with box-cut trousers, based on the seersucker shape but then through the leg.

Younger designers such as John Berluti, Gene Meyer, Matthew Bernstein, and the team of Richard Edwards are among those who have made fit—especially the fitted shirt—a hallmark of current men's fashion. The fashions of Tommy Hilgner epitomize all the preoccupations in men's wear, from mod to rap, prep to performance, spontaneity, to create an accurate picture of the eclectic way men dress today. Another collection emblematic of the current approach is Nautica by David Chu, which means hip, young tailored clothing and what is known in the trade as "retro-mod"—right: perfect apparel, sweaters, shirts, and hiking shoes.

The fall 1998 collections of these New York designers make one feel we are entering a new era of masculine elegance, transmuted by the comfort of synthetics and the refinement of rock 'n' roll. The new look isn't the old-time elegance of Cary Grant and Fred Astaire, although there is always a place for that. It's just not our right now to look like something out of a 1940s movie—just as you wouldn't want to resemble a 1960s version of Virgo Sorel. Way too much has happened culturally for either approach to be valid.

ANIMAL ATTRACTION



Far and far from overexposed is men's outerwear, part of the seersucker revival and the more toward raffish elegance in fur. The coats are a far cry from Joe Namast's hole-in-the-knee overcoat (one of the new styles are fur), but they do suggest a kind of hip elegance. Clockwise from top: Matthew Bernstein's Persimmon-bark textured belted wool coat, Richard Tyler's fur-like pony-skin jacket with sharp shoulders, Joseph Michael's overcoat with shaggy leather collar, and David Chu's plaid, wide-lapelled fur coat.

OLYMPIC COOL

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FROM THE MAN
WHO TAUGHT
US THAT AMERICAN
STYLE WAS
SOMETHING TO
BE PROUD OF—
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Members of the U.S. men's water polo team make a splash in custom polo shirts by Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren and polo-brim visors made by Double H. The athletes, clockwise from left: Chris Daponte, Rick McNair, Chris Houghton, Tim Burchett, and Alex Rioscano.



Gymnast Jon Lindh, who narrowly missed a bronze medal in the '92 Olympics, hopes to go all the way in Atlanta. He wears a two-button cotton-and-cashmere sweater by Polo and Lyons-blend running pants by Polo Sport. Opposite page: Derrick Adams, a New York native and one of the top hurdlers in the world, wears a cotton-wool-and-cashmere crewneck, khaki trousers, and cap-toe leather shoes—all by Ralph Lauren.





Goalkeeper Chris Stark, left, and forward A. J. Wood, both of the U. S. soccer team, seem in need of a wicker rather than a net in cotton-tricklet sweaters, button-down-ropes shirts, and linen trousers by Polo, and choose white bucks by Ralph Lauren Footwear. Opposite page: Volleyball player Stefan Smith, a two-time all-American while at UCLA, wears a six-button double-breasted linen suit, ribbed cashmere turtleneck, and suede shoes.



Forcing hopefuls Cliff Beyer, left, of New York, and Nick Brown, of Stanford, California, run free figures in ribbed cotton turtlenecks by Double RL, plain-foot canvas-head trousers, leather boots, and leather belts. Opposite page: Platform diver David Pebler contemplates Olympus triangle, or perhaps the comforts of hand tooling, in a double-breasted wool-and-cashmere suit by Ralph Lauren Purple Label with cotton shirt, satin tie, and cotton pocket square. For more information see page 130.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HARRIS FOR THE ENQUIRE



class act

Matthew Broderick, star of stage and cinema, shows how to succeed in business without really trying—in superbly tailored suits that don't shriek chic

Photographs by Troy House. Produced by John Mather.



Easy elegance is conveyed by a show-biz-on-courtesy-dish of suit by Gaudreau. Free at Burger! Goodness. Min, cotton shirt by Everaugle. Zepin, silk tie by Ben Cocco, spike-on brogue shoes by Glen Edwards, sunglasses by Jacques-LaCouture. Opposite: Wool suit by Sakuma 1901, cotton shirt by Brera, silk tie by Elio

Lunch break at a Tribeca photo session. Astor's back studio dog is on its hind legs, rooting through the catering. Matthew Broderick is busy fed over his bow-tie pasta, looking perplexed. The subject is suits. "I always want to wear suits," he says, and you believe him. "You are old photos of movies being made. The cameraman, even the crew—everyone is wearing suits." The thirty-four-year-old Broderick has a newfound appreciation of the film crew. Fans who can't make it to Broadway to see *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* can catch him this fall in *Asylum*, which represents his nineteenth film role and his debut as a director, and in *The Cable Guy*, opposite Jim Carrey. The focus is a true story, a love story set amid the Manhattan Project. Acting and directing? "That was a lot of work," he says, as if eight shows a week weren't. "I started the play the day after the movie wrapped. We've spent a year and a half in postproduction." Time for a day off, maybe, like that Fern is gay, what's your? Don't even think of saying it.





© J. MICHAEL COLEMAN FOR PHOTOFEST; MICHAEL AT THOMAS YORRIS

Dressy but dynamic: Broderick's three-button wool-blend vented suit and cotton shirt are by Brioni; silk tie by Hubert, leather monk-strap shoes by A. Testoni. Opposite: Three-button wool suit and cotton shirt by Antonio Fieschi, silk tie by Ties Gents. *For store information see page 130*



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Patient P.H. Before (above) and After (right) 1745 grafts in one New Hair Institute Fast Track™ session.



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About Hair Transplants

Q & A

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Q & A

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4. A doctor who is willing and proud to introduce you to his patients, who are, in turn, proud to be seen.
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continued from page 156] You really never changed in your life?

"Does the thought frighten you? Does the thought disturb you? — It amazes me you to talk."

"Would you feel guilty? Does it affect your conscience? You don't believe the old adage 'What they don't know doesn't hurt them'?"

Now, I know that Jackie Mason, co-creator, fifth-generation rabbi, and brother of three rabbis, was doing this as a kind of scholarly research play, giving us a Talmudic spin like the *Temptation in the Garden*, only here, this is the *Temptation in the Edmond Hoell Coffee Shop*, with Jackie as the serpent and me as Eve in the tree, coiled on the head of the faithful fruit. Jackie is kind of dawning forward now, his tragic eyes aglow, as if he's trying off the subject like a little woman trying to get down from an impossibly high Starbucks stool.

"If I ask you something and you are not interested, why should you get nervous?" he asks. "I think you are a little interested. . . . You ask me to fly to the moon. If it didn't interest me,

why would I get nervous?"

In the show, Jackie tells about the English royals and how they spend so much time flying from mothers to mothers. It's surprising they have the strength to get up for a parade. No wonder they call matrons—badass! badass—kings and queens.

I know Jackie is just practicing his craft, strutting the fraud, showiness, and hypocrisy of our society in the guise of me. I know I am witnessing the fabled lechery of the clown, the stare and anger basking inside the laughter. Or was this just a weird moment that would not last?

We return to the subject of autism meal, and I observe, in the style of my mothers, that he isn't eating enough.

"No I am," he says, looking down at his plate. "I ate one and a half."

Still flummoxed and getting us deeper, I tell him a story about a previous encounter with another famous, when Jewish comic genius, who chased me around a room at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Why do I get into these situations? Why do people shoot themselves while

charging loaded residents? By mistake.

"Do I appeal to you more than him?" Jackie asks.

By now, I know this is a continuation of his ongoing intellectual research into comparative comic styles. To deconstruct that properly, he is really asking, Does his comedy appeal more?

"So when you told him to forget about you, did he leave you alone?"

"I had to throw him out of the room into the hall," I say, changing the subject to life on the road and how Jackie is the type of person who is curious about the night life, the day life, the type of life that everybody goes through every day.

The fan who was signaling him approaches. He is young, offensively trim, blow-dried, and good-looking. "I'm a New Yorker just like yourself," he says. "You think there are any nice-ies left for Sunday?"

"I don't know where I've seen you," says Jackie. The man reminds him that he's an Edison just as he hurried into Jackie on the street and they had a conversation.

"I know you're a popular character around," says Jackie to the man, leaves and an old friend, Rabbi Norman Laskin, of the Garment Center Synagogue, comes over.

"I was just talking to the biggest schmuck that ever lived," says Jackie. "He saw me once thirty-two years ago, and he's decided he's part of my life. . . . he has a role to play in my career."

"You will not find a celebrity of the caliber of a Jackie Mason," says the rabbi. "The quality, the heart of gold. You know how many people he's helped? The Sidney Hordemann even, he got his nose there. He's the Police Department's biggest supporter. I don't know if you heard about it."

"Did you arrange that?" I ask.

"The man is always helping people behind the scenes," the rabbi continues. "People don't know about it."

"The only reason they don't is because you don't come to all the appearances," says Jackie.

"Then I would like to be alerted as to when all the appearances occur," says the rabbi, who then rusts out a few lines of his own. "Did you see his answers? He received countless reviews in the New York Times."

We talk about Meyer Lansky, another Jackie fan, who used to go see him perform three times a week. "He made me a favorite project," Jackie says and tells how all the Jews of Miami Beach were fascinated by Lansky's every move. We talked of Jackie's dark days (the "twenty years of a pretty rough life when they called me a 'jew bastard,' and that was part the Jew," he says contempt) of minor scandals before his first one-man show. "I suffered by standards of comparison by how big I am today." But even as second barons to Johnny Marbo, he still made half a million dollars a year.

"The ruber you get," he says in *Law Thy Neighbor*, "the more you have to pretend you're enjoying things" like the baller—"one prettie girl working and working and three thousand Jews kidding"—and opens—"he snub her in the heart and the same saying."

We discuss *money* in comedy and his rage about the corporate structure's selling, "dis-product" like cold remedies, a dis-flood product that he names, and "Nissim-Fit" unless for an dose. "Ugh! The filthy crookedness, and worthlessness on the highest level. I ask

how he got himself up for the show "A challenge to my egoism," he says. "I enjoy being the hero of the ball."

As the youngest of six children, he always felt left out, the one who got in trouble, the underdog, the outsider. A Jew in a gentile world, "the voice that did not mean anything." If you expect Jackie Mason from the performer, you are left with a serious man in a coffee shop, watching others. He is half humming, half singing in Yiddish.

"I have this question to be a star, the biggest lie, to defend the weak against the powerful."

"See how nice he is," says the rabbi as we get up to go. "How he is waiting for you to put your finger away."

We walk back through the crowds lined up outside the theaters on the street. This is his act. He's a midtown Broadway kind of guy. Even though he was born in Shatogryn, Wisconsin, he found his way back to grow up on the Lower East Side. This little golly struts along, a dybbuk with disappointed eyes mistaking the seat.

We go upstairs to Jackie's dressing

room, where he watches *Amertemant Dought*. "He tells you everything about the business," he says. It's all material.

He is about to go downstairs and he tries funny about the presidential election, and G. J. Sheppens, and jones, and westerners, and the pope, and Jewish Indians, and using visitors on obscure islands, and Norman Brendo, and labors, and exercise stories, and Dr. and Canada, and Sly Stallone, and, above all, Jews, Jews, Jews. He knows how Jews the way Jeff Pomeroy knows his rabbis. He's smiling into cameras, singing concerns in Yiddish with the Boys Choir of Harlem.

It's the kind of humor that gives and takes away that carries each bit to extremes. He exaggerates until you must laugh. He lives in the southern world of all comedians, strutting the stage, with one arm clamped stiff to his side, sprawling, dancing, singing, affording equally, trying to make a living. He's levitating with experience, poise, by himself and the audience, drowned in the laughs that have loved him and saved him. ■

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MR. PEEPERS, ESQ. JULIE BAUMGOLD

A CATERED AFFAIR

ARE YOU A MARRIED WOMAN? Julie Messer asks me backstage at the Booth Theatre, where he is starring in his fourth one-man show on Broadway *Love Thy Neighbor*.

We leave soon after, walking over to the coffee shop of the Edison Hotel for a little bite.

"A coffee shop, not a Starbucks," I say, allowing him to go into a bit of his classic Starbucks routine about burned coffee with a French macaroon in a cardboard cup and a place where you have to climb to get up on the menu and sit, allowed as, being stared at from the seven-no service, no table, and then a cup for you.

He crosses the Broadway street, walking like the Little King, collecting his tributes, not pausing for the traffic, not looking.

"You happily married?" "Seventeen years," I say. "Say to anyone, 'Are you happily married?'" he says in his show, "and they answer, 'Twenty-four years.' Only a marriage and a pension sentence get a number."

At the doors of the coffee shop, he is selling me about his home life. Jucker likes coffee shops because he likes to be among the people and study their different complexes and postures—the way they posture in their outfits and jewelry and dresses, how they struggle with petty jealousies, puffed up in all kinds of ways. Jucker observes them as a social scientist, his placidness automatic, his sad, large eyes alight with anger.

We get to Bill Clinton ("He does not lie all the

time—only when he talks," he says in the show). "An out-and-out degenerate bar," he creates a completely fraudulent picture of what the Republican party represents. He clanks himself with fake compassion for the underdog. "Dole. 'It's against abortion, unless the girl is pregnant.' He's trying to be firm, but he's uncomfortable with the whole process."

"Have some instant noodle," says Jucker, working delicately on the little corks because of recent gum problems. "You'll enjoy it—it's great stuff."

"How you ever cheated at all ever since you're married?" He asks me in his probing, misanthropic quest to understand human nature.

"Was that a moral issue," he asks,

"or was it just that you didn't meet any one else? You don't know if the moral issue would be enough to stop you?"

Now we are on the subject of temptation—Elvis, Bobby Dink, Robert Marlowe.

"I'd like to think I'm better than those guys you just mentioned," he says. I steer him back to restaurants. ("If they got seated at 8:00 for an reservation, every Jew turned into John Gotti," he says on stage.) "I love how gentiles don't even notice what they are wearing or don't care where they are sitting," whereas a few minutes it was a whole big personality contest, a whole violent conspiracy about who's sitting where, whose outfit is nicer, whose hair is the latest. The why of these things is always very subtle. There's a lot of debate among sociologists and psychologists about: even as underdogs, trying to find an identity to feel like they are in, because they have always been left out." He robs across the coffee shop in response to a fan.

"I don't know who he is. He thinks he knows me, he's the typical Jew with complexes I'm talking about. It doesn't take a genius to see that's a Jewish man, gentiles in my audience you can tell by one look."

We talk about the previous night's performance, which he ended, as always in this show, sitting on a stoop, pulling up his over-gay short socks as the audience wiped away tears of laughter. "I shuddered ten minutes, and the show went on too long," he says. At one point, he broke himself up, laughing so hard he cried.

"You think that we could have an affair?" he says. "We could have an affair. Nobody would know [continued on page 134]."



Sooner than Elvis 'Tongue being the belly of the ball,' says Messer.



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